



# Morning Star

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volume 2

1984 - 85

north scott

senior high school

eldridge,

iowa

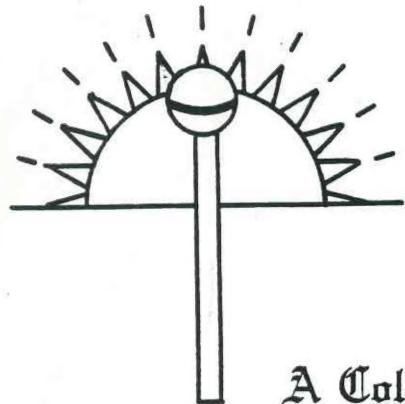
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K. MEIER

Kenny Meier, '85



# Morning Star

A Collection of Student Writing

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#### COVER ART:

Neal Fischer, '87

WHO'S THERE?

The Last Man on Earth sat alone in a room. There was a knock on the door...

Stu Drake's heart jumped within its lonely cage. A fear overcame him; a fear of being caught, but by whom?

A knock; three resounding thumps in al all-so-human rhythm. It had to be of intelligent origin. No wind, no animal could imitate that human query.

But had he rally heard it, or was it just his lonely soul, trying to break the silence? Stu had neither seen nor heard any sign of human life in four years. Not since the clouds...

Stu didn't move. He just sat there on his bed, waiting. Waiting for another knock, the door to open, or...

The solid, resounding thumps repeated themselves.

"Who's there?" he forced himself to ask.

No answer, only silence.

He cradled his forehead in one hand, feeling tired and all the more lonely. In his life, he had known many tortures, but this was to much to bear. No one to talk to, no one to be with; he had only silence. And now his last friend had taken to teasing him. This is the ultimate form of suffering.

The doorknob slowly turned, nearly causing Stu's heart to stop altogether.

The door opened slowly, allowing Stu to see his visitor only in silhouette at first. A short cloaked figure stepped in and pulled its hood back.

Stu looked on in bewilderment as he slowly recognized his visitor; four feet tall, small features, pointed ears. An elf! Stu broke into hysterical laughter. Now he knew he was looney.

"What is so amusing, Old one?" demanded the elf in a sharp voice.

A joke was a joke, but even Stu wouldn't carry one this far. Or was he?

Now under stern control, Stu stammered out a reply. "You're an elf!"

"Yes, and you're the last of the Old ones."

"Last of the...yeah, whatever."

"Then my search has ended. I have been looking for you a very long time. You were not meant to survive. The planet's natural evolution called for the extermination of all the Old Ones to make way for the New Society," announced the elf.

"New Society?"

"Yes, a society based not on technology, as was yours, but on sorcery."

"Sorcery?" repeated Stu, still in a daze. "I don't believe in magic."

"That is why you must die, Old One. You are the embodiment of all doubt that prevents this power from flowing. You are in the way of progress. You must die!" thundered the elf, with a glint in his green eyes, as he pulled back his cloak to reveal a sword hilt.

Stu darted for the door as the elf drew his sword. Entering the hallway outside, Stu felt a sword-blow on his shoulder, then warmth where it had hit.

(continued)

He ran for all he was worth, but he seemed to be slowing down rather than running away. His legs seemed heavy with lead. The more he slowed, the more he panicked. The more he panicked, the more he slowed. Like in a dream.

Terror-stricken, Stu was crawling for his life. He glanced over his shoulder to see the elf's glowing sword plunging for his neck.

The Last Man on Earth died in his sleep, unable to hear the ever-quieting clatter of footsteps echoing down the hall outside his door.

Frank Whitmore, '86



Misty Woodford, '87

(continued)

"How do, boys," he said smiling, "we'll have you work in th' barn. Head on up there an' Johnny'll git ya started."

As he walked in the barn, Sid smelled the stench of the manure get stronger. The dust became thick and the temperature as he figured must have been over 100 degrees. The sweat began rolling down his body as he started stacking bails as instructed. They weren't as heavy as he thought they would be. He kept his mind on the money. It kept his mind off the stench and the dust and the heat. Sid strained as he lifted one particularly heavy bail.

"Damn hay," he said.

"This is straw, not hay," one of the Foster boys corrected him.

"What's the difference?" he said with a bit of resentment.

"Hay weighs about 20 or 30 more pounds," a Foster said.

Sid became quiet and thoughtful.

"I think I appreciate straw," he said to himself while he worked.

The end of the day finally came. His muscles ached. Sid trodded from the barn, filthy dirty and covered with sweat. His arms were cut from the spiny straw. In desperate need of a long cool shower he headed straight for the car. About halfway to the car he noticed Mrs. Foster popping out of the house with their checks. Getting his check felt like an oasis in a desert day of work. As he rode home Sid looked down at the check. Sid began to smile.

"Farmers may be farmers," he said to himself, "but twenty-eight bucks is twenty-eight bucks."

He now felt a little place in his heart for this farming business.

Jeff Schatz, '85

STRAW VS. HAY

For a lack of anything better to dislike, Sidney disliked farmers. Not that he hated them as people, he just found tractors, bib overalls and workboots a little distasteful. You see, growing up in a small town Sid lived halfway between the city's upbeat tempo naturally swayed toward the glitter and lights of city life. So as Sid sat on his small town fence, looking toward the city, the country simply got the bad side of his youth.

Summer vacation is a time when most teenagers forget their lessons. Today, Sid would learn one.

Like most summer days, about 9:30, Sid rolled out of bed and tried to find something to occupy himself. At the breakfast table he halfheartedly skimmed through the Morning Register. Somewhere between dunking his donut in his milk and turning the front page he noticed today's mail on the table. Now we all know getting mail is like getting Christmas presents, and Sid just loved Christmas presents. He pushed away the Register and scooped up the stack of goodies. You could hear him mumble as he sorted.

"Mom's, Dad's, Mom's, Dad's, Mom's, Mom's."

His heart sank. He decided to console himself with a thin color catalog marked "Occupant". It happened to be a ritzy clothing catalog. Fancy clothes always interested Sid, well, because it just seemed important to look like what you wanted to be. Full attention focused on the still-life ads. All the styles fascinated him, but with every turn of the page a little voice spoke inside him. The dainty little voice kept repeating itself.

"You're broke!" it would say in a giggly voice.

He shut the catalog. Plopping back in the chair he stuffed the remainder of his donut in his mouth. Sid pouted as he muttered a confirmation of the thought.

"UM bwoke," he said around the donut.

Sidney didn't know fate was walking through the door. I looked more like his older brother Jeff, but fate his message was.

"Foster's need some bodies to bail hay. I don't know if you're interested or not..."

Cutting him off Sid asked without thinking, "How much does it pay?"

His brother casually replied, "I don't know, four er five bucks-n-hour."

Overcome with greed Sid forgot that he disliked tractors, that he resented bib overalls, and that he loathed the whole "hick" atmosphere. He blindly volunteered.

In the distance Sid heard the noon whistle wailing and knew they were about to leave for the farm. He looked in the mirror. Wearing an old t-shirt, faded jeans, and ratty sneakers, Sid felt like a soldier before battle. His stomach twisted. The more he looked in the mirror the stranger he felt. His brother snapped him from his trance.

"C'mon let's go!" he yelled.

Sid walked to the car with reluctance. As Jeff drove Sid fantasized huge 200 pound bails of hay being thrown at him. A brawny old farmer in bib overalls watched him and snickered as he became buried in hay. He awoke from the nightmare only to find himself at the farm. Looking up Sid saw the old brawny farmer in bibs walking down to greet them. Something seemed wrong though. The man's rough exterior disappeared as he greeted them.

## CONTRAST BETWEEN JUNIOR AND SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

The second I stepped into the Junior High and the second I stepped into the Senior High, were two completely different moments. My feelings toward junior high were mostly confusion and reluctance to leave the security of elementary school. I was mostly confused with all the new faces. High school brought visions of druggies luring me into dark corners, gloating upperclassmen, and scowling, unfriendly teachers. Thank goodness the majority of the fears were unfound.

Take my fear of people, for example. In Junior High, I was really scared of all those new people I was going to meet. In high shcool, those people were all "behind" me, so I felt more at ease, excepting infrequent associations with some upperclassmen.

The Junior High wasn't quite as big, and it wasn't as hard to get used to as the high school, which seemed to be an endless maze of halls, lockers, and rooms. There was only one grade ahead of us in junior high, whereas in high school there are three-and every last student out to make life miserable for the freshman class!!

In Junior High, I hardly had to work at all to pass a class with flying colors. Now, it's a little more difficult. It's a strange experience-having to really study to grasp a concept. The competition for grades is a lot greater in high school.

A lot more emphasis is placed on who you're going out with, whereas in junior high, it was almost a status thing just to be going with someone. Rumors also pass more quickly in high school, and your status is set from the first day you get in here.

All in all, I'd say the transition to high school was more difficult than that from elementary to junior high, but a lot more meaningful. There's a lot more respect and responsibility bestowed upon you for passing through and enjoying the liberty and freedom of these hallowed halls. I enjoy high school, though, and the responsibilities aren't as pressing when your freinds are there to support you. Just being yourself and doing your best are the keys to being successful wherever you go to school.

Angela Pierce, '88



TERESA Weatherwax, '87

I once was a little girl  
Whose days were filled with dreams,  
Planning all my tricks  
And thinking out my schemes.

I had no worries that came to mind  
Except what will I do today,  
I'd sit and think long and hard  
Of all the fun things to play.

I saw the world through a little girl's eyes  
Everything would be so great,  
Some day I would be all grown up  
For this I could hardly wait.

But one day came when my thoughts had changed  
I was no longer a little girl,  
I was so busy with all my plans  
My whole life was in a whirl.

It seems like only yesterday  
The dreams I had of today,  
My little girl world was gone like a flash  
If only it could stay.

Jenny Botkin, '87

"Nick, I think my Mom is catching on." Kaleena whispered silently on the phone, "She said I couldn't go over to Angi's at all this weekend."

"It's never going to work for us if you don't learn to keep your mouth shut!" exclaimed Nick in a very angry voice. "I suppose it just slipped out of your mouth."

"No, it didn't, I haven't even talked to her all day. I'm sorry, things are turning out bad, I'm really sorry, I..."

"Shut up!" screamed Nick. "You've done enough damage already."

"I only asked if I could go over to Angi's on Friday night, like I always do, and she said no. Maybe she is right, maybe I shouldn't see you anymore."

"We have to see each other! Just make up a new lie, tell her your going to the basketball game, or skating. She'll believe you." Finally, Kaleena agreed with Nick and told her mom she was going to the basketball game with Angi.

Later that night Nick and Kaleena met at the same time and place as usual. Then they went to another party.

"Here have another beer," Nick said in a demanding voice.

"No thanks, Nick, five's enough for me." Kaleena's voice was silent and scared. "Will you please take me home soon?"

"Already, just wait until I have a few more beers." Nick replied in a mumbling voice.

On the way home they stopped at Casey's to pick up some gum, and a few candy bars to help cover up the smell.

"Hi Kaleena!" replied Aunt Judy, in a pleasantly surprised voice.

"Uh, uh, hi Aunt Judy." Answered Kaleena as she walked out the door with her head down low, so Judy couldn't see her glassy, bloodshot eyes. "Well, I uh... I better be getting home soon, I don't want to be late."

A few days later, Judy spoke with Kaleena's mother. Judy told her that she had seen Kaleena Friday night at Casey's, with some guy.

"Kaleena, have you been seeing Nick again? This time I want the truth," demanded Kaleena's mother.

"Why would you think that?"

"You've been spending a lot of time away from home, and you say your always at Angi's. I talked to your Aunt Judy and she told me that she saw you at Casey's. She also told me that you had been drinking and you were with Nick. Now explain that, young lady."

"It was just that one night, Mom, honest. I'm sorry I promice I won't ever see him again," pleaded Kaleena.

"I'm sorry too, I have no other alternative. I will call the boarding school first thing in the morning."

"Please, no Mom! I'm begging you don't send me away!"

"There is no other hope for you. You refuse to listen to me, and you won't stop seeing Nick. He's a bad influence, and you keep getting yourself into more trouble, it's for your own good," replied Kaleena's mother as she began to cry.

Sharon Hamilton, '87

LIFE IS WORTH LIVING!

All people value different things. I value many things; some aren't as important as others. The most valuable to me is my life. Even though it isn't exceptionally exciting, I try to make the best of every happening.

Everyone experiences something boring in life. No matter how uninteresting, it can be made more exciting and worth your while! Act as if each moment counts. Spice up that minute with; a smile, a happy thought, or maybe even an uplifting word to someone. Unexciting moments can be made better!

I value my life because there are many enjoyable times. Along with everyone else, there are depressing times. Yet I realize these bad ones won't last forever. After all, in the long run the run times will outnumber the depressing or sad.

Throughout my life there will be many experiences I'll cherish and others I will want to forget. Either way they are very important to me. Using every minute and enjoying it creates a more cherished moment. All the things that happen to me, good or bad, make my life worth living!

Char Dwyer, '87



Clint Balsar, '87

The sky closely resembled an enormous pewter bowl turned upside down over the entire town. Clouds churned restlessly, and occasionally thunder rumbled in the distance. I stared out the window, hypnotized by all the movement. "Try to forget... just forget..." I told myself. My best friend had just died. Kersti and I had shared everything. I felt incredibly hurt after attending her wake and burial. It had been cloudy, like my mind.

My mom didn't care. She was wrapped up in her work. Business trips to places I had never been, fancy lunches with the clients, other vague, although important, jobs. And dad... well, how long had it been since I saw dad? A trucker, never home, he didn't care, either. I'd bet he didn't even know.

I wanted to pick up the phone and call Kersti, tell her how horrible I felt, but now she was gone, too. I had never felt so alone. And I, too, wanted to leave, like Kersti had. But she had it so easy! Cancer took her quickly--gone within a year. And she left me here. I thought about it awhile, and made my decision just as the rain began to patter on my window.

I slipped on a light jacket over my polo and shorts; even though it was summer, the temperature was dropping.

With a long sigh, I grasped the sheathed knife on the gold-flecked formica countertop in the kitchen, and opened it. I stared at the cold, unfeeling perfection of the steel blade, and winced slightly when I drew it across my thumb to test its effectiveness. Three tiny drops of blood appeared; I stuck my thumb in my mouth and felt the salty wetness spread across my tongue.

As if in a trance, I left the house, rain pelting my head, and walked a short distance to the edge of the fields. I knelt down on the wet grass. "God forgive me," I whispered. The blade whispered across my wrist, as quickly as I could, and the slender blue veins began spurting blood wildly. I cried out, and sliced open the other one. Tears ran down my face, which I buried in my hands. I then looked up to the gray, gray skies; blood, tears, and rain mingled in muddy rivulets that trickled to my chin and dripped off.

"I didn't really want to die," I whispered. "Why didn't I wait?" and fell back into the shards of grass. My final, fleeting thought: "No one really cared."

Angela Pierce, '88

## THE COLLECTION

Knock.....Knock. Laurie stood quietly outside the Garver house. She was there to babysit. A couple of seconds later Mrs. Garver came to the door.

"Hello there, Laurie!" she greeted

"Hi, Mrs. Garver!" Laurie answered back cheerfully. Laurie entered the house ready to face the two little monsters she was about to babysit.

"Oh, Well," she thought. "I need the money." As she walked down the hall she heard Randy and Jenny upstairs arguing and banging on the floor.

"Child-ren!" Mrs. Garver called. "Laurie is here!!"

"Oh boy!" shouted Randy while running down the stairs. His sister Jenny was close behind him.

"Hi, Laurie!" piped Jenny rather loudly.

"Hi kids!" answered Laurie.

"We'll be back around 1:00." said Mrs. Garver to Laurie while walking out the door "Bye."

"Bye" Laurie said quietly

"Let's go play a game!" Randy shouted

"OKAY!!!" Jenny shouted back.

"You guys go on in," Laurie said, "I'll be in in a few minutes." She was watching Mr. & Mrs. Garver pull out of the driveway.

"I have a feeling I'm going to regret this." she thought to herself while walking toward the living room.

\*\*\*\*

Later, after about 3 hours of tiring running around and trying to persuade the children to go to bed, Laurie sat on the couch and flipped on MTV.

\*\*\*\*

Meanwhile, upstairs, the children's bodies lay limply on their beds. The strange man stood over them, gloating. He had a child's head in each of his hands. There was blood everywhere. It was still trickling through Randy's gaping jugular vein. The man silently giggled to himself.

\*\*\*\*

Laurie was sitting downstairs on the couch trying not to fall asleep, finally deciding she had better make herself some coffee. She was heading toward the kitchen, when suddenly she heard one of the boards on the steps creak.

"Randy?...Jenny?" she called.

"Are one of you hiding from me?!" she called again.

"Whos trying to hide!" called a strange voice.

Laurie's eyes suddenly opened wide. The strange man jumped over the stair railing almost directly in front of her.

"OMIGOD!!" Laurie screamed, "Who are you?!!.... Where are the children?!!!"

(continued)

"Answer me, damn you!!!" she screamed. The man's face suddenly turned to a frown. "Don't swear little girl." he said raspily "You'll go to hell." Then he grinned again and laughed aloud.

"AAAAAAA" Laurie screamed, and tried to run away from the man.

\*\*\*\*\*

Five minutes later, Laurie sat crouched in a corner below a hanging plant, when she heard the front door slam. She immediately jumped up, thinking it was Mr. & Mrs. Garver. She was wrong

As she was running around the corner into the front hall her neck met with the strange man's razor sharp hatchet. It was totally severed. The man quickly grabbed his prize. Once again he stood gloating. "This is the best one I've collected so far. It'll look nice on the third shelf," he said aloud.

Jason Lang '88



Jeff Zaytsow, '85

Walking to his room, you could not tell what went on inside of this young man? Entering this room confused you even more. Grotesque masks and hideous figures dot the small landscape of the room.

(fear)

The kid is good looking, yet he is ugly.  
But what you don't know won't hurt you.

(mask, mask)

(help!)

Never before had you seen something so gruesome. Your friend leaves for a minute, leaving you to stare at the various talismen and monsters. You turn to leave, but your friend blocks the doorway. He has no face.

"Help me!"

Suddenly, your friend's face is there. A mask jumps up, and attaches itself to your friend's face. It's a face of someone you've never seen, and it says, "Hey, buddy what are you staring at?" The mask falls. Another mask, that of a vampire, is speeding toward your face. It misses by inches and crashes against the wall. You look at your friend.

(friend?)

He has a chainsaw. He comes toward you, holding the chainsaw in front of him, ready to kill. You move backwards, but a mask flies at you and cuts you legs out from under you. On the ground, he moves in for the kill. You can feel his angry breath, and the chainsaw starts to cut into -----.

You awake from your dream with a scream.

(mask, mask)

(help!)



Tom Kuhl, '85

## THE MAIN EVENT

As I recollect many years ago when I was young, I saw a great wrestling match. This match was between the champion, The Masked Marvel, and The High Flying Master of Disaster. The Masked Marvel had been the champ for many years and was a devastating wrestler. The High Flying Master of Disaster was the wiz of drop kicks and flying maneuvers that could destroy a man. What a match this was mounting up to be, a real wing banger.

The crowd was very excited and my blood was pumping. Then the two wrestlers came in and the crowd went crazy. "Welcome, everyone, for the Main Event. In this corner, weighing in at 310 pounds, from parts unknown, in the yellow pants and black mask-The Masked Marvel. In the other corner weighing in at 245 pounds from Sweetwater, Texas, in the red shorts with the black robe-The High Flying Master of Disaster with his manager, Dr. Jeckyll." Boy, this was going to be a great, powerful, and bloody match.

The match started without either one of the two going on the attack. Then all of a sudden the Masked Marvel whipped High Fly into the ropes and follows with an elbow smash. Now Masked Marvel was taking control, he twists High Flyers arm to near breaking point. The Marvel wraps his big hands around the Flyer's throat and started choking him with great force. Look out! Dr. Jeckyll jumped in and decked the Masked Marvel. Oh my! The tide is changed as Dr. Jeckyll gets out of the ring. The Flyer went for the pin, one, two, the Marvel kicked out and saved himself.

Dr. Jeckyll picked up a chair and handed it to the Flyer, and he started to beat the Marvel with it, and the Marvel started to bleed. But the Marvel staggered to his feet, grabbed the chair from the Flyer and started to hit him with it. Then the referee grabbed the chair and threw it out of the ring. Both of the wrestlers were a bloody mess, even with blood coming through the Masked Marvels mask.

Oh my god. All heck has broke out. This match has become a slug fest. Both wrestlers exchanged blows back and forth. High Flyer threw Masked Marvel into the ropes. He bounced back and then High Flyer hit him with a devastating drop kick, which knocked him flat on his back. High Flyer hit him with repeated loaded elbow drops. With the Marvel flat on his back Flyer took his legs and put him into the figure-four leg lock. There was a lot of pressure on the Marvel's right knee. The Marvel whimpered in pain. It looked as if the High Flyer might get the Marvel now.

The Masked Marvel was about to submit but then he pulled a foreign object out of his trunks and hit the High Flyer repeatedly with the object, making him bleed profusely. The Flyer released the figure-four leg lock. The Marvel had trouble standing and the Flyer couldn't see. After a short time Marvel picked up the High Flyer over his head and body slammed his body to the canvas. Then he picked him up again and gave him a powerful piledriver. Lights out! That was it for the High Flying Master of Disaster. One, two, three... Slap! The Masked Marvel pinned the High Flying Master of Disaster to keep his title.

That was one of the greatest matches in the world. It contained what many would call a blood bath, a filthy bloody mess. There was a lot of non stop action throughout the whole match. The brawl, which it was, became a knock down, dragout fight, with the champ, The Masked Marvel, prevailing. That's the way it was, late one evening in the ring of championship wrestling.



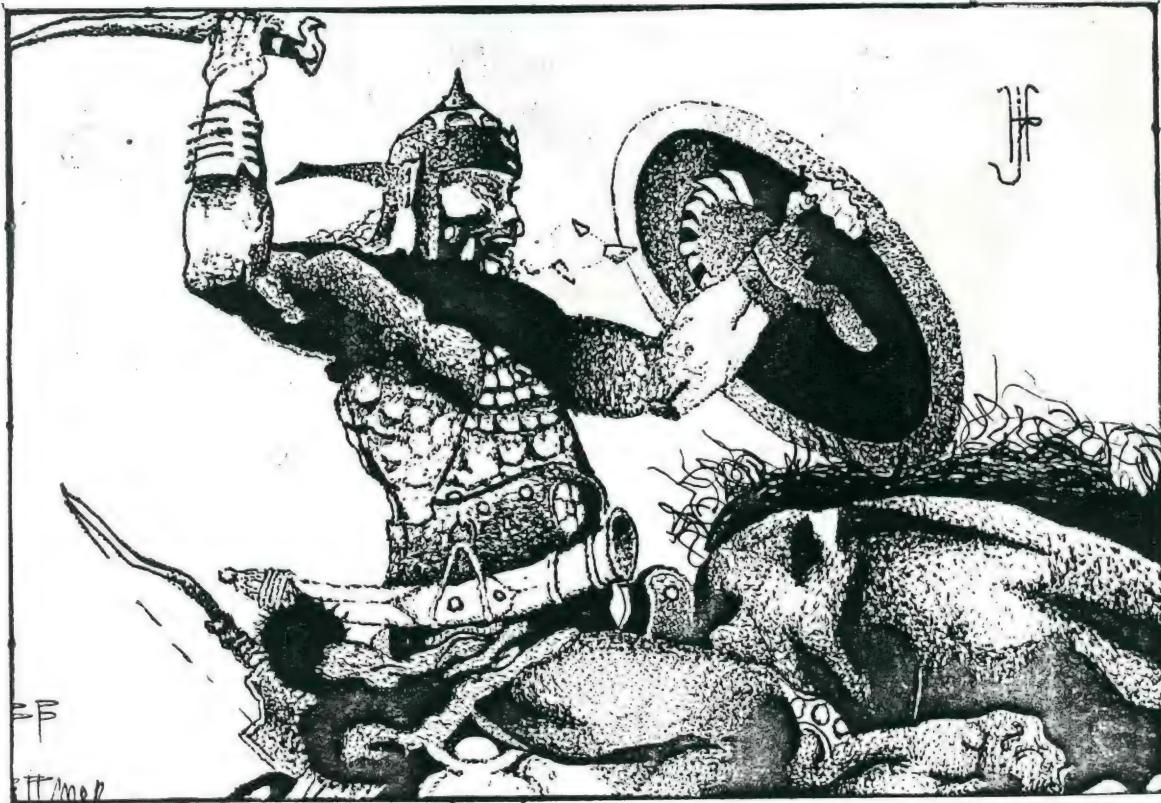
Nancy Paulsen, '85

I ONCE WAS  
A BUILDING  
STANDING TALL  
BUT NOW I AM  
A TREE  
SWAYING IN THE WIND

BY: Dan Miller

WATER  
HOT, COLD  
FLOWS, SPLASHES, RIPPLES  
NO TASTE  
WATER

BY: Dan Miller



Jeff Huettman, '87

CHAPTER 13i

A cold band of stars looked over the hill. They twinkled, as stars seen through an atmosphere will, but not benevolently, they gave the house on the hill a hard, calculating gaze. The house received the concentrated stare calmly, lethargically. It just sat there. The man in the house was indifferent to the sky's peer. He too just sat, and read the Boston Globe.

He didn't read the news in the Globe, or the sports, or the cultural section. No, he only read the comics (Garfield was his favorite) and his horoscope. He was a Scorpio, born November 7. He didn't know the stellar configuration on the day he was born, or the phase of the moon, or the position of Jupiter and Venus, he just knew he was a Scorpio and that sufficed. His name was Bill.

Bill had a cat, a tan, tiger-striped tabby. Bill would have enjoyed the alliteration in his cat's description, if he had known what alliteration was. His cat was fat and, like the house, lethargic. His cat was called Morris and he wasn't finicky. His cat now sat by the Lazy Boy in a contented curl and licked his lips, he had just finished a tasty supper of pureed liver and cheese morsels.

SCORPIO-Today is a good day  
to invest your capital in...

Someone rapped on the door. Bill thought that was odd, he had a doorbell. Bill carefully folded his newspaper and got up. Morris yawned. Bill walked to the door, adjusted his old green sweater, ran his hand through his thinning hair, and opened the door. Bill gaped.

Outside, under the cold band of stars, shimmered a girl. She stood on his small porch in soft blue metallic clothes and had a helmet tucked under her arm. She had raven black hair and a tentative smile. She was very pretty and the starlight was warmly reflected from her eyes. A soft, gentle glow pervaded the scene.

And Bill gaped.

"Hello," she said, quietly, shyly. Her voice was clear, mountain spring water bubbling down a hidden, beautiful mountain dale.

Bill gaped, stammered, "H-h-hello," and gaped again. The girl smiled hesitantly. "I'm Tessor," she said.

"Oh," said Bill small-by.

Tessor smiled expectantly.

"Oh," said Bill, "I'm Bill."

Tessor's smile wavered. "Is Bo here?"

"Bo who?"

Tessor pursed her lips. "Bo Sterling."

"Bo Sterling?"

"Bo Sterling."

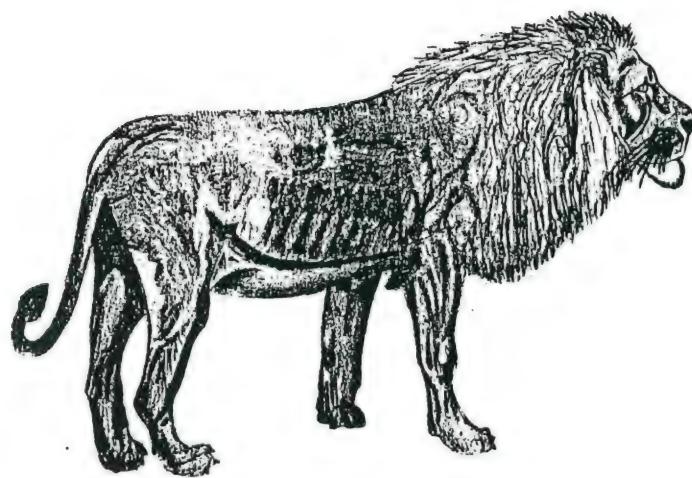
"Bo Sterling doesn't live here."

Tessor look a little relieved. "Thank you," she said and started to leave

LOVE  
WONDERFUL, HAPPY  
EXCITING, CHALLENGING, DISAPPOINTING  
FIGHTING, YELLING, HITTING  
HATRED, HOSTILITY  
BROKEN-HEART

I ONCE WAS  
A KITTEN  
PLAYING WITH A BALL OF YARN  
BUT NOW I AM  
A CAT  
NURSING MY LITTER.

BY: Kris Glab



Chris Germain, '87

Are magic potions real? Most people would say no and so would I. But what if the potion came from Fantasy Island? I'm sure everyone has seen that TV show where a little man about four feet tall yells "the plane, the plane!" as he rings a bell. If magic potions are real anywhere it would be here.

On Wednesday, I came down with the Chicken Pox. The worst thing about this was all of the ugly marks. They were all over-and I mean all over! These marks itched very bad and if I scratched them they left scars. My mom went to Walgreens to get a prescription to stop the itching.

Inside the bottle I found 20 little gray pills and a note in the bottom. I took a pill and read the note. It was from the pharmacist and it said if I wanted to get rid of the ugly blotches to call this number 1-900-FANTASY. The call would cost \$.50, but they would send you a potion directly from Fantasy Island signed by Tatoo absolutely free. It was guaranteed to get rid of all the marks. All I had to do was dump the whole bottle into your bath water and take a bath.

After I took the bath I was ready to find out if the spots were gone. I didn't know because I kept my eyes shut. I opened them and there was the answer to, if magic potions are real. I will not tell but you can look at my face and neck to see. Another clue is what you answered in the first sentence of the story.

Jim Hinckley, '87



Nancy Paulsen, '85

DIVORCE

Bitter words filled with  
hate and regret.

Vows that were sworn easy  
to forget.

Good times were forgot  
without a care.

The bad times were  
just too much to bare.

Years were wasted on less  
than a game.

All she received was her  
husband's name.

Children tore between  
mother and dad.

It makes them wonder  
if they were bad.

A family destroyed by a  
lost love.

The one the neighbors  
are talking of.

There's no chance where  
love has never been.

Only a fool goes through  
it again.

Terri Weatherwax, '87

SUMMER MORNING

Lazily I crawl out of bed and raise the window shade. The room is filled with the bright morning sunshine. I stand for a minute and stretch in the glorious summer sun. Suddenly filled with energy, I throw on a T-shirt and shorts and put on my running shoes, and I'm out in the beauty of the morning. I start running at a fairly quick pace, feeling light and free. I hear birds singing and the gravel grinding under my feet. As my body works harder, I think about how good it is to be alive. My heart beats faster. Sweat drips off the ends of my hair. The grows hotter. After a while, exhaustion takes over.

Finally, my run is over. I turn on the hose and enjoy the first few drops of cool water to touch my hot skin and the icy cold water running down my throat. I collapse on the fresh green grass. Nothing feels better than a run on a summer morning!

Chris Noel, '87



Melissa Kucher, '85

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

"Hey dude, did you hear that tree move?" John stammered out these words as he finished his last drag. John Dunbar used to be the most popular boy in his class. Nice looking, athletic, bright, witty, and good natured.

Last fall, things changed. His best friend, Tim, couldn't even talk to him anymore. John had become a drug user. No one knew why. Now things were becoming worse. Tim had heard John talking with his new, so-called friends.

"Johnny," Sue slurred, "life isn't worth living, it would be so radical if we could all go to the big cig in the sky together."

"Together man, all right, together, that's the way," others chimed in.

That was enough for Tim. He had to help John before he did something drastic. The next day Tim had made it a point to have John talk to him alone.

They were together and John was fairly clear-headed at the moment. Tim confronted him. "Don't do it John!"

"Do what?" replied John.

"Kill yourself," Tim tried to calm down.

John slowly started to speak. "I'm no," he paused, "I'm no good anymore, I can't even throw a football without getting intercepted."

Tim flashed back. The big game, John's pass made us lose the title.

Tim turned back to John, "You can't do this because of one game, you have to much to live for!"

This went on for some time until John finally agreed to give up all his old habits and with Tim's help get back into shape.

Tim was relieved and felt quite proud that night as he layed down to sleep.

The next morning Tim woke in a good mood. "Hi ya mom, dad." Something was wrong, he could see it in their eyes. "What's wrong?" he asked.

Then he saw it. The headline of the paper. It read 'Teen dies; an accident?'

Tim started to cry.

Tara Temperly, '87

Dusty road  
Winding on  
Motherlode  
Treasure won

Sullen skies  
Frowning down  
Weary eyes  
Down in frown

Weather-worn shack  
Scarred mountainside  
Nature's lack  
Spring denied

Contented man  
Calloused hands  
Miner's stand  
Calloused lands

Wind-worn face  
Weathered brow  
Hard works trace  
Silent vow

A young man's stand  
Has now grown old  
Under a band  
Of stars grown cold

A once bright sun  
That had shone down  
Has disappeared  
Without a sound

Dusty road  
Winding on  
Motherlode  
Is all gone

DRC DeBoer, '85

A stranger knocked upon my door,  
A cool breeze softly blowing.  
A gloom dark cloak was all he wore,  
A dank, dark robe gently flowing.

His silent head was shrouded in  
A hood of shadow so unrevealing,  
But caught I a hint of malignant grin,  
So cold, so cruel, so unappealing.

With mustered courage said I to him,  
"O! stranger in the dark so deep  
What brings you out, a careless whim,  
Or desperate measures in night's late keep?"

But the stranger had no apt reply  
Standing in the wind's chill grasp.  
He said one word and trembling I  
Listened to the low cruel rasp.

"Charity," said he in tone disdaining,  
"Compassion's dearth abides in thee.  
Thou utters vows in mortal gaining.  
In the name of sweet charity."

With that a stagnant wind swept by  
Choking off his fragile hold,  
I heard escape a soft hiss, sigh-  
He was gone, my heart went cold.

And then with specter's repast gone  
Withdrew I into dim parlour.  
Far in the east there was young dawn  
And charity's new sweet, young flower.

For in his echoes deep and dark,  
For in his utterance low,  
He laid bare truth, and touched the spark  
Of truth and justice's eternal foe.

And clasped my hand upon my heart  
As the stale, night clime stole my breath,  
A final deed I vowed in part-  
True charity before my death.

DRC DeBoer, '85

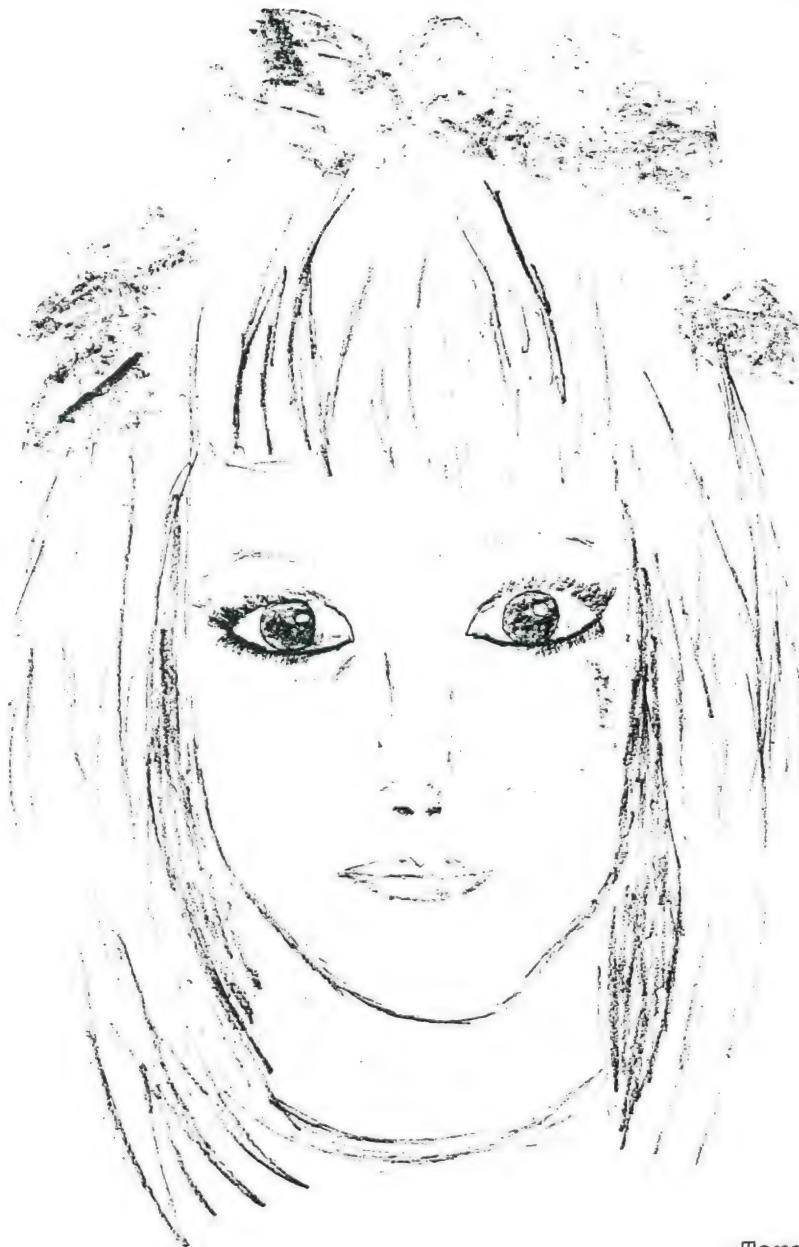
MY DAD

You were there for me when I was down,  
Your stupid jokes got me off the ground.

You taught me things I've never known,  
With all your advice I know I've grown.

You're not an anchor that holds me back,  
But rather a friend that keeps me on track.

Chris Willis, '87



Teresa Weatherwax, '87

Nature's snow white blanket covered the land, dazzling the eyes snow blind. Splashes of color from snow buried houses were the only relief of a world cloaked in white. Even the sky melted into the earth, an overcast extension of land accessable just over the horizon.

Large, sloping snowdrifts climbed the town's walls, teased by a howling wind that blustered along and sculpted the land. Shadows were just beginning to be cast on the hollows and drifts, their long tendrils reaching out to swallow day.

It was a steel, gray evening in a steel, gray day, and the air was cold and clear. A day to pull your hat tightly over your ears, bundle in many, thick layers, strap on the cross-country skis, and explore a world that is in shades of gray.

The trees glistened in their frigid coats of ice as I glided along a hidden path, one of Robert Frost's less traveled by. I had left the houses behind, for behind in a wisp of gray as I went ever deeper in ever darker woods. The dusk was leary now and the crisp air took on an added chill. My breath came out in great bit clouds of exertion as my legs drove on, carrying me away into dusky, gray oblivion.

Then night fell, the transition between the steel, gray evening and the enveloping night so subtle that it seemed to stalk and creep warily and overtake me unawares; it was time to turn back, to go back to the warm embrace of a cozy living room fire and a hot meal. Reluctantly I headed back. The return trip was quick, and soon I stood on the doorstep kicking off my skis. Light and warmth poured from the hearth; its comfort inviting and compelling, yet I took one final draught of the crisp night air and stared off into the depths of a cold, winter's night before surrendering myself to warmth's gentle hands.

Dave DeBoer, '85



Michelle Heiker, '85

BUG ALERT

I was out fishing for some tasty krill with my antique rod and reel and had three blue males when the attack began. The high-and-mighty Planetary Sensor Network stated that I had just enough time left to dump my bucket of krill in my room and launch my "tiny" ship before the energy shields go up. Looking out of my front viewscreen, I spied fourteen other fightercraft arching up from Spring's yellowish surface toward the Arachti spaceship, whose insectoid hull engulfed our screens.

Seemingly recalling our briefing at the same time, we split formation and fired like crazy to confuse their computer defenses. Every ship twisted and turned to avoid the endless particle beams, missile braces, and energy nets. Narly, my ship computer, stated, "Dani, there are three Spring ships left including us!" Finally lured into the reach of ground defenses, the Arachti ship blew up in a silent nova. I headed back, sorrowful to return to the puesdo-home of Spring.

As I climbed from my cockpit to the sooty launchbay floor, I saw Neevum, our squadron's shrimpy flight commander, swaggering this way with an expression on his sadistic face showing that I had broke another rule or regulation or something. "You did it now!" he said, "you left KP duty for the fifteenth time in a row to go fishing, brought in illegal food, and nearly blew up your new prototype XYZ fighter! Guess what! I have the privilege of sending you to Apprentice level now!" Apprentice level! The lowest of the low! It degraded one just to talk about it. It was where the criminals, idiots, and druggies of the galaxy were herded to shovel slop. And I was a level four fightercraft pilot, one of civilization's elite.

An orphan from Arachti ravaged Tarlos (fourth planet out in this system), I came here with extravagant plans for revenge on the Arachti, and becoming a fighter pilot seemed the best way. My family was killed by an Arachti plague ten years ago, along with all the life on Tarlos, leaving only a nine year old girl immune to avenge a society. Two policemen came a few minutes later and hauled me off to Apprentice level, section 325436235143264575609087080-980. Once in the cramped and smelly living quarters, a dozen burly women came over and announced "Sister, down here you gotta earn yer bunk!" I knocked two flat, but got stuck between two purgier machines. They began to converge on me, but a robot command unit intervened and had me monitoring the sewage flow systems. Six weeks later I saw my chance.

I was on a rare errand in the pilots' level when the alarm sounded. Pilots ran to their ships. I hid between two fueling tanks and jumped a passing pilot. Tightening fighting straps, I got into my old ship. "Dani, you're back!" exclaimed my supposedly emotionless computer. Shootin out of the atmosphere, I saw ten Arachti ships, a virtual fleet. Our twenty-nine ships were no match even with the support of ground defenses.

Soon there was just Narly, I, and one wounded Arachti ship left. Craters had replaced the ground defenses. My side was torn open. The minimal air was whistling out into vacuum. Sparks flew from the control panel as I whispered to Narly "Ram the other ship." I had my revenge at last.

Jim Hecht, '87

## FIRST LOVE

This was a time in my life when everything came together so perfectly. I was so happy then, but it was a fragile kind of happiness, one that would disappear if you tried to hard to keep it. For a long time I thought Jim was the cause of my happiness.

"Going to the game tonight?"

Standing in the lunch line didn't seem like an ideal place for me to start a romance, but I guess it can happen anywhere. It wasn't that I didn't see Jim Barton standing next to me it's just that I never considered the fact he was talking to me. By the time I figured out he was talking to me, the silence had become uncomfortably long.

"Uh, oh, no," I said. "At least I don't think so."

"Good choice, I don't know why I waste my time to tell you the truth," said the star quarterback of the team. Then the smile came, the one any girl would melt to.

"Aren't you Jenny O'dell?" he asked. I nodded my head. "I've been wanting to talk to you, could I take you home tonight after school?" After I untied my tongue I said sure.

After my last class, I went by Jim's last class just so he wouldn't forget about the ride home tonight, but to my disappointment he was already gone. I slowly walked back to my locker with my head down half shuffling my feet.

"What took you so long, slowpoke?" he said kiddingly.

I looked up and to my surprise there was Jim waiting for me. I almost screamed from excitement, all I could do was smile. We talked non-stop all the way to my house, it was great. As soon as I got home, I went to my room and thought about the date we had for tomorrow.

After our date I sat in my room and thought. We had already gone out five times. I was really starting to feel good about myself, maybe I wasn't as bad as I thought I was.

The next day in school Jim was acting funny. He still talked to me but he was in a far off world, he talked to me but seemed to think about someone else. I really started to worry.

All week long I treated my friends rotten because I felt rotten, they'd try and tell me everything was all right but I knew, inside I knew it would probably end. Friday came around and Jim hadn't asked me to go out with him still. So Friday I sat home waiting for the phone to ring. Little did I know but he was out with Candy Williams, a varsity cheerleader.

Monday I went to school feeling sorry for myself. I had math with Jim and he didn't say hi or even acknowledge that I was there. Then at the end of the day I saw Jim and Candy together. He bent down and kissed the top of her head. A kiss that said...I love you.

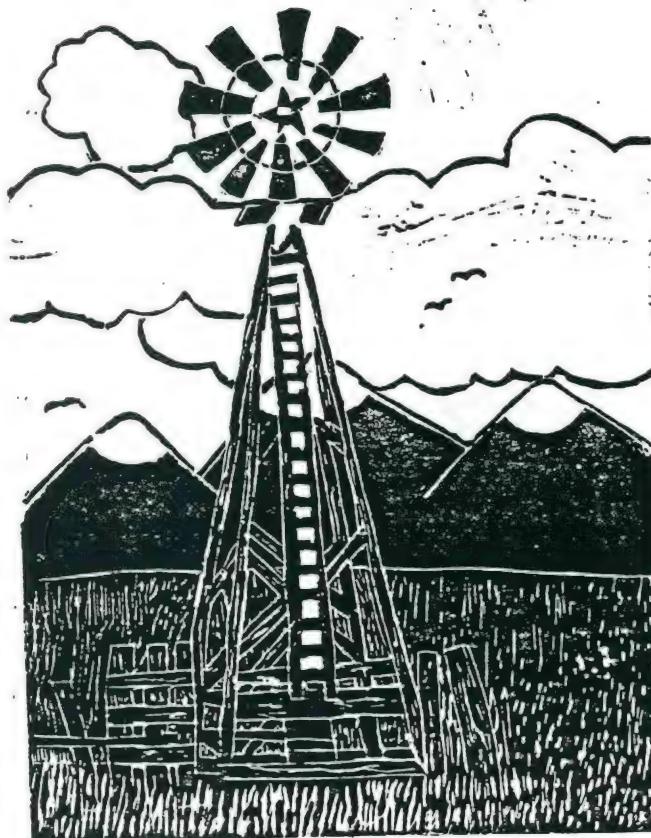
Jen Schwindt, '87

Life  
Long, full  
Learning, exciting, delighting  
Begging, growth, decay, death  
Fearing, slowing, stopping  
Quick end  
Death

IOWA

Ice  
Only  
Winter  
Annually

Troy LeHew, '86



Russ Horsfield, '87

It has been said:

One cannot gaze too long at the sun  
for your eyes will be blinded beyond belief;  
your sight no longer real.

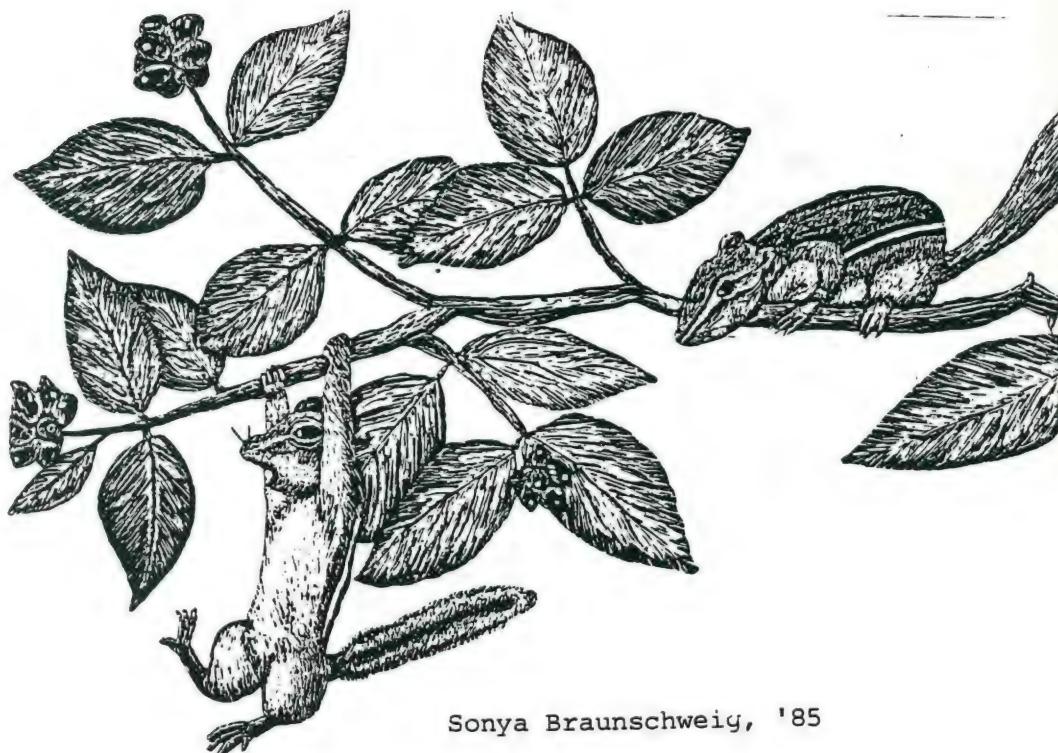
Gazing at the sun only brings  
power so great, you weaken-  
But you have strength,  
if only from the sun's  
powerful rays.

Gazing at the sun may  
bring wealth, or power-  
eventually though, your  
heart steps in...only too late  
for correction.

What was once an ominous power,  
becomes a meek...nothing.

A tragic ending of a life-  
blinded by chance-  
death by a thought...

Jenifer (R.), '87



Sonya Braunschweig, '85

(continued)

"They came out of nowhere," stated the truck driver to the Policeman, "all I could do was head for the ditch."

"The driver had apparently been trying to pass. He was in the semi's lane when they hit head on. The driver is dead, and the other boy is in critical condition," concluded the Policeman to an overseer.

Mark Oliver, '87



Traci Woomert, '87

"Oh, I don't know," answered Jim.

"It'll be all right," said Chuck, "your parents won't be home anyway. This weekend will be a real blast."

"Well, all right."

"O.K. The party's on Saturday night at 7:00."

"Later."

Jim Newguy had just recently moved in to Midtown. He was anxious to make new friends, especially friends in the "in" group. This beer party at Chuck's was the perfect chance to set a good example. Jim's parents were rather strict, but he had never really been a trouble maker before. He put on a fake smile as he thought about Saturday night, but his large fair hands shook at the thought of being caught.

Friday morning Jim walked through the crowded Senior hall with Billy Hascal. Billy was probably Jim's best new friend. They had met as soon as Jim moved in next door.

"Are you going to Chuck's party on Saturday night?" questioned Billy.

"Well... I think so," answered Jim.

"Listen, my car is broken down, do you think you could take me?"

"I guess so," replied Jim as he thought how embarrassing it would be to show up in his rusted out bug.

As they moved through the hall, they pushed their way into the restroom. The graffiti on the walls went well with the attitude throughout Midtown High. Billy pulled out his comb and tactfully caressed his scalp, putting a characteristic wave into his thick black hair. He put down his comb and smiled in approval. Jim ran his long slender fingers through his straight blond hair, but he didn't smile. All he could think of was the consequences of being caught at Chuck's party.

Jim's mom and dad left early Saturday morning.

"Be good," replied Jane Newguy as she pulled her light jacket over her broad shoulders.

Jim's father Bob was gunning the motor of his Oldsmobile, next to it sat Jim's Volkswagen bug. Jim's bug was a real heap, but Jim was proud to have paid for it himself.

"I'd better go," she said closing the door, "we'll be back on Sunday morning."

Jim tried to busy himself all day by running errands, but he couldn't help being excited about the party that night. When 6:00 rolled around, he got ready and drove across the street to Billy's. Billy got in, and they were off.

"How many people come to these parties usually?" questioned Jim, as they pulled around a corner.

"I don't know," answered Billy, "I've never been to one of these parties."

"When they got there, it was nearly seven. They were greeted at the door by a joyful Chuck.

"Welcome to our get together," said Chuck, "have a good time."

The two boys sat down on a couch, someone handed them each a beer. Jim was hesitant, but everyone else was drinking, and he wanted to be a part of the crowd. Both of them opened their beers and began to drink. When the first one was gone, was handed another, and another. Pretty soon, Jim began to feel the effects of the alcohol, he was kind of dizzy, and his judgement was bad. Before they knew it, it was 1:00. Everyone was starting to leave.

"Do you think you should drive Jim?" asked Billy.

"Sure, I'm all right, answered Jim as he nearly fell over.

The two got in the red bug and were off.



Mike Cheek. '85



Mike Gravitt, '85

My Grandma had always told me to tell the truth. I always had, because I loved Grandma and wouldn't want to hurt her by lying. She really trusted me and let me stay in her house for weeks by myself while she went on luxurious trips to Hawaii, Paris, Switzerland, and any other adventurous place you could imagine.

One day while I was staying at Grandma's house, she was in England at the time, one of my good friends, Tom, came over. He was a super friend and I could talk about anything in the world. He said I should have a party and invite over everybody that we hung around with.

"I could never do that, if Grandma found out, she'd kill me. She wouldn't let me stay here by myself again," I argued. "She would never understand why I wanted, or needed, to have a party."

"She will never find out, if you don't tell her. She never calls to see how everything is going and nobody ever checks to see if you are O. K."

"But," I continued, "that would be lying and you know I never lie to her.. She'd find out, somehow, I know she will."

With that, Tom got up off the couch where he'd been laying and eating Doritos. "I really think that you should think about it. You never go anywhere. You're a social mole, face it. You're afraid that nobody would show up and you'd look like a fool."

I cringed. He was right and he had hit a nerve that made me want to cry. Now, because he had said that, I felt I had to have the party. I wasn't going to look like a fool, and who knows, I might even meet someone I like.

Tom put the Doritos back walked to the door saying how much good he thought a party would do me. I sat there awhile thinking about what he said. It would do me good, I had a lot of friends, but I only did school activities with them. Maybe it would be a new beginning for me.

There were objections, too, about not having the party. I'd never be able to explain if Grandma should unexpectedly come home or call. I've never been to one of these parties and I wasn't real sure what they did at them. To put it simply, I was fearful of getting caught and looking like a fool.

That night I went to bed full of mixed emotions, nervous of how Tom would act towards me. I went to sleep with my mind filled with troubled dreams. I just couldn't decide if this was a good idea or not. I really wanted to have a party, but I was overwhelmed with doubts. Would anybody come? What would we do all night? Would I get in trouble? What if something got broken? My mind was twisting and churning so much I couldn't believe it was morning already when the alarm went off.

In school Tom walked me to my first hour class. He said, "I hope you will have that party. Friday night would be great. I guess I shouldn't say anything, but I told a few people about how you might have one."

I gulped and walked into class. There I found out just who he had talked to when Greg and John grabbed me and asked that time I was expecting everybody to come Friday night. I didn't know what to say so I just laughed it off. While the teacher droned on in his monotonous tone, I thought about how, even if I said there was no party, people would still come. I secretly had a "crush" on Greg for a few months. If he was going to be there, I knew I was going to have it. I guess I decided right then that I would have a party.

(continued)

Thursday I skipped school so I could get all the cleaning done. I also had to go grocery shopping to buy food and plenty of pop. All day long the phone kept ringing with people from school wondering if I was still having the party. It felt good having it ring so many times, I felt very popular.

Friday came in a hurry. I didn't even think about getting caught that much any more, although it did still stick in the back of my mind. I set the food and drinks on a long table back by the pool, and centered the stereo on a table by the back door. I was just going upstairs to get my tape when Tom, John, and Greg walked in carrying bag loads of food and John was carrying a VCR and a grocery sack full of tapes we could watch. He was a lifesaver, now we'd never run out of things to do.

About one hundred fifty people came, half of them I didn't even know. I had a long talk with Greg only to find out he was very dense and had a poor personality.

I was right in the middle of watching a movie when the phone rang. I heard it ringing and saw Tom answer, he looked rather nervous as he called me to the phone. I took the receiver from his hand and shakily said, "Hello?"

From the other end I heard Grandma's rich voice answer, "Dahling, how are you, my dear? My, it sounds as if you are having a party!"

"Oh, Grandma, it's just a few friends over. We are watching a movie on HBO. It's no real bit get together. Just a few friends."

Grandma replied in a knowing voice, "Oh, don't worry dear. I know how teenagers are. I secretly felt that it would do you loads of good to have a party. Why didn't you just ask?" She kept rambling on but all I knew she said was that she didn't care if I had parties, actually she said she wanted me to have one. The next thing I knew she was saying goodbye and telling me to have a good time.

All those hours I had been worrying about lying and she had hoped for it all along. I knew, then that I would never hide something from her again. If it weren't for my crazy crush on Greg, I would have never found that out.

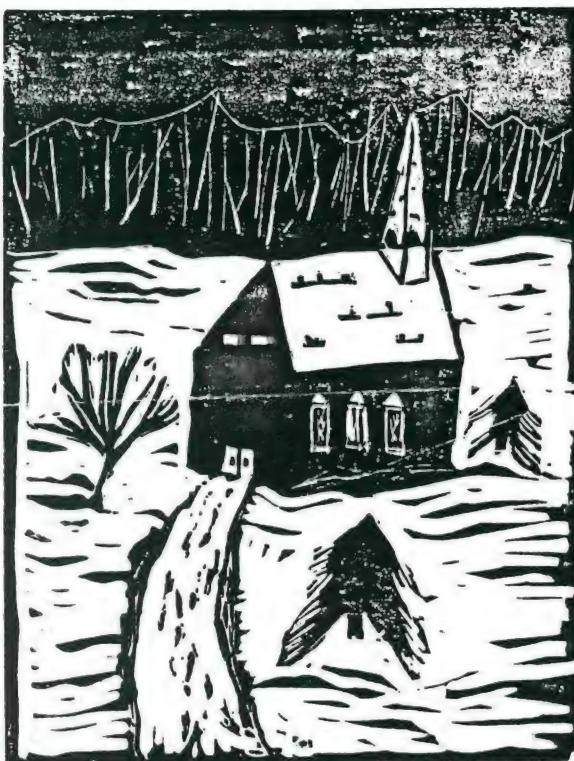
Kelly Larssen, '85

(continued)

Afterwards all of the children went to a party held in their honor. There was hugging all around. Every person there was happier than they had been in a long time. George's parents told him how much they loved him and were proud of him.

Three months later George died from complications caused from having Down's Syndrome and a rare heart disorder. He was missed and always will be.

Colleen Bulazo, '87



Lisa Tyra, '87

## A SPECIAL KIND OF HERO

"Mommy, I'm home!" George yelled as he ran in the door to his house, "Guess what!... Mommy? Mommy, where are you?"

George ran all through the house, only to find every room empty. His search grew more frenzied and his short, stubby legs grew tired from their awkward race. He ran out into the street now, crying out for his mother.

"George, go back in the house, it's all right. Mommy's here now." Mrs. Mitchell said softly as she hugged him, "So, how did your day go George?"

"Mommy, you scared me," he replied. With his voice still shaking, "Promise you won't do that again, okay?"

"I promise dear, I won't do it again."

"Can I have a cookie? Oh, guess what, the school is having a Special Olympics and I'm going to be in them!"

"You'll have to ask your father, George. I don't know if you should be in them." his mother said as she carried him in the house, "these things can be dangerous, you know."

Later that night, George asked his father if he could be in the Olympics at school.

"Well what events would you be in?" asked Mrs. Mitchell.

"I'm in the baseball throw and the two-twenty yard dash. Oh please can I be in them?" pleaded George, "I'll be real careful and try real hard."

"I don't know. See how your mother feels about it," his father answered.

"You're just ashamed of me, you don't think I can do it because I'm stupid!" George yelled. Then he ran from the room crying.

"George, wait!...."

"Mrs. Mitchell came from the kitchen drying her hands on a towel. "What happened?" she asked.

"George thinks we're ashamed of him because he's stupid and that's why we won't let him compete in the Special Olympics."

"Let him, it's the only thing he really wants," Mrs. Mitchell told her husband.

George was so excited he started training right away. His mom and dad ran with him and helped teach him to throw a softball.

Finally the day arrived. Everyone was on the football field waiting for the events to start. George's first event was the softball throw he did very well and got sixth place.

Then it was time for his race. He lined up with the ten other kids who were in it. At the crack of the gun they all took off running. Everyone of the children were smiling. Towards the end, George and his friend Eddy were in the lead when all of the sudden, Eddy fell down. Others cheered George to go on but he went back to help Eddy get up and finish. All of the people cheered them on.

At the awards ceremony, George got the award for V. I. P. (Very Important Person). The look on his face told how happy he was.

### THE WINNER

The one who tastes the sweetness of victory  
The one who survives the agony of defeat  
The one who is a team member  
The one who is poised, confident, and prepared  
The one who practices good sportsmanship  
The one who takes his mistakes and turns them  
    into accomplishments  
The one who is proud, who doesn't make excuses  
The one who respects his opponents but fears none  
The one who gives that extra ten percent  
The one who helps and praises his peers  
The one who is able to accept corrective criticism  
    from a coach  
The one with the right attitude  
The one who never gets down  
The one who makes things happen  
The one who learns from experience, sets high goals,  
    and uses his talents  
The one who has fun and plays relaxed  
This is what it takes to be - A WINNER

Jamie Hansen, '87

### THE BAY

The sky's a sunny blue,  
But it's lifeless on the bay.  
The cold and breezy afternoons  
Have sent the birds away.

A person on a picnic  
Is very hard to find.  
And shells once on the sand  
Are only memories in my mind.

Kerri Kuhn, '87

Memories of the fun days of dolls with my sister Tracey are some of my warmest feelings from my childhood.

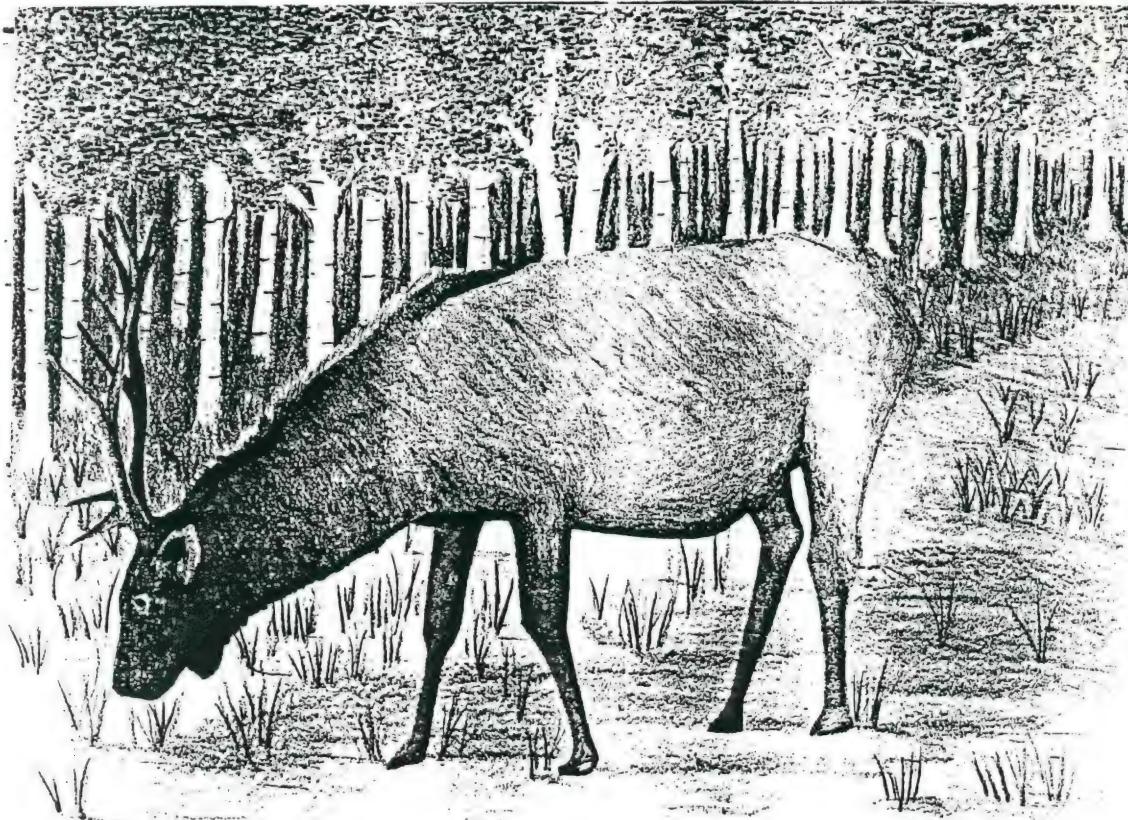
Tracey and I have always been not only sisters, but very good friends. Even though the difference in our ages is six years, it has never really seemed to matter to either one of us. When our ages did get in the way, we both understood each other and that really works!

The one thing that I remember doing the most is playing our fantasy lives out to their fullest in the terrific life of a Barbie doll. Such a simple enactment of an unreal life held such pleasure for the two of us. For hours on end we would slip away into our dream worlds of fun and excitement. In our worlds everything was perfect, there were no wars, pressures or even fighting, just peace and happiness.

Every weekend it never failed that the day's activities included setting up the extravagant homes for our dolls. I always had the best house, complete with bubble bathtub, refrigerator and soft beds. Tracey, always had the best car, a convertible, and the most beautiful clothes. I really was jealous of her gorgeous princess doll, with the shiny blond hair, that always won the prom queen crown and it never failed that she got the best looking Ken. Never would I let her know that I was envious-to boost her ego would be terrible. Guilt must have overcome her as she let me borrow the lovely, silky, strapless blue evening gown. How truly wonderful that gown looked on my doll.

Maybe this game, or dream world that we played in, seems silly now, but to us that was how we wanted to live, the perfect world where everything was exactly the way it is suppose to be, these memories with Tracey will always hold true in my mind.

Kelly Kreiter, '87



Mike Gravitt, '85

(continued)

### Chapter 2-The Hour of the Rat

"I hate this place!" thought Todd while sitting up in bed. "I can't sleep in this house. Oh well, it's a good thing the T.V. is plugged in."

Todd proceeded out of his bedroom door, careful not to wake his brother. He cautiously went down the stairs and sat on the huge, overstuffed sofa in the middle of the living room, picked up the remote control device, and turned on a 1975 repeat of "Dr. Who." It seemed a giant Crinoid monster controlled all of the plant life on a planet and was trying to kill Dr. Who and Sarah, Todd was immediately interested.

Soon though, Dr. Who was over, so he turned on a boring rerun of "Leave it to Beaver." Todd had always hated Beaver, it seemed Beaver was always acting too stupid for his age. Todd had begun to get restless, he didn't like being downstairs all alone-it was too quiet. He had also begun to grow sleepy, it was nearly midnight. "I'll wait until the retard on television is over," he thought to himself.

Bong...bong. The clock had begun to strike twelve. Todd didn't like it at all, his mouth grew dry and there was a cold wetness under his arms. He felt that the hair on the back of his neck began to stick up. He turned around just in time to see a strange man swinging an axe directly at his head. Bong...bong. It was now exactly midnight. The hour of the rat. Nobody even heard the sound of the boy's body being dragged away.

### Chapter 3-Surprise! It's Now the Hour of the Horse!

Marc awoke refreshed, but not refreshed enough to look forward to unpacking. He glanced over at Todd's bed. Todd wasn't in it. Oh well! He figured he must have already gone down. He glanced at his watch, 7:49 it read. He groaned, got up and headed toward the door. He got to the edge of the staircase, when he heard a noise behind him. He turned to see a man, so ugly you wouldn't have seen him in "Creepshow."

Marc lost his footing and tumbled down the steps. He blacked out about halfway down.

He came back into consciousness, about twenty minutes later with his mother bent over him asking him if he was all right and what happened and other things like that. Marc tried to sit up but a sharp pain prevented it.

Suzi asked him, "What happened, Marc? Did you fall down the stairs? Can you sit up?"

"I...I can't sit up."

"Oh my God!" she wailed "Vic! Vic come quick!!"

"What is it?" Vic yelled from the bedroom.

"Marc's been hurt, hurry up!" she screamed.

"What's going on?" asked Tina, the middle child, in a sleepy voice.

"Marc's hurt," she said, "Go call the hospital."

"What's the number?" asked Tina.

"Just dial 911, have them send over a doctor also, tell them we don't want to move him."

Victor then came out, "What happened?"

"I...I fell down the stairs," said Marc in a weak voice. "Holy cow," he answered.

## WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE?

### PROLOGUE

"It really is a shame isn't it, Marge? I mean that family-they seemed so nice, a total pity," said Cathi to her gossip partner Marge.

"I know what you mean, the house was so nice too.. It's amazing what some sick people in this world will do!" exclaimed Marge.

"Incredible what one fire can do. Sheriff Logan said that it had to be started purposely because houses just don't start themselves on fire," said Cathi.

"A whole family just doesn't die within one week's time either, but it happened," Marge said, slightly perturbed. She was beginning to become annoyed with Cathi. It seemed all she could do was say bad, nasty things about people. It was true though, and it was strange about people. It was true though, and it was strange enough about the Wagner family. A real shame.

"I wonder how it happened?" she thought.

### Chapter 1-Moving In

July 16

The hot afternoon sun was beating down on Victor Wagner's blistered shoulders. Walking even from the moving truck to the front door of their new house seemed like an eternity in this blasted hot weather. The price I suppose for moving to Massachusetts in the dead heat of the summer," Vic thought.

Victor was about halfway up sidewalk with a box of his wife's best family China, then without warning, his strength deserted him. The China fell to the sidewalk with a harsh "CRASH!!"

"Suzi, his wife, immediately ran out of the house yelling "What did you break?!"

When she realized it was her China, she began to sob. Victor was apologizing like crazy and began to proceed to his wife to comfort her.

"Get away," she screamed, "that China has been in my family for four generations! You've ruined it!"

"It was an accident!"

"You never liked it anyway!"

"That's not true!"

"Yes, yes it is!"

"It is not and you know it! Besides whose idea was it to move ourselves?" questioned Victor sarcastically at his wife for reacting the way she did,

"I....I....I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to lose my temper, but this moving bit and everything.....I just can't take it."

"I know," he said soothingly..

"Hey, what's going on?" asked Marc, the oldest of the three children. His brother and sister were both following him. "We heard the shouting," he added.

"Were you having a fight?" asked Todd, the youngest.

"No, just a disagreement," answered Victor. "Let's all go in and have some lemonade, shall we?"

"I'll go make it," Suzi said quietly drying her tears. They all entered the house silently.

(continued)

They both did. Suzi began to bable and began to go into shock. Vic tried to comfort her the best he could, but she wouldn't shut up. So Vic began to hug and calm her.

During this, Tina walked out of the room in a daze. While walking down the hall she heard a scratching noise above her. She headed for the door that lead to the attic. She opened the door and started up the stairs. "The scratching is definately coming from up here," she figured, "it is probably mice or rats."

When she got to the top of the steps she found out that she was right. Although she hadn't expected quite as many as she saw, there were hundreds of them - mice, rats, and shrews. They all advanced toward her. They all looked bloody. She had lost all color in her body, and she screamed. She screamed as loud and as long as she could before they all attacked, and two shrews and a mouse crawled into her mouth and gagged her.

"What happened?" Suzi shouted. She was running toward that attic door before Vic could even react. She ran into the attic and headed up the stairs barely aware that the door had closed and locked behind her. She then saw her daughter being eaten by rats and mice. She heard the clock downstairs strike twelve. She looked at her watch which read 4:23. "I wonder why it would be striking twelve," she thought to herself.

She glanced at her daughter long enough to see a very plump shrew crawl out of one of her eye sockets. She barely had time to think after that before they had attacked her - apparently they were still hungry.

"Sue are you okay? What's going on in there?" Vic shouted. It was the last thing Susan Wagner ever heard.

#### Chapter 5 - The Final Strike of the Clock

"Suzi what is it?" screamed Vic at the top of his lungs.

There was no answer. He backed up as far as he could in the hall and ran into the door with the full force of his body. The door splintered a little on the edges, so he ran into it again - this time he broke the door off its hinges. Then there was a loud piercing scream. Vic wondered what it was. He stood staring down the hallway. He then realized he was tataly alone. He could sense it. As he was staring down the hall, he noticed the walls - they seemed to be moving back and forth, almost as though the house itself was breathing. But that couldn't be, could it? Victor realized that the house itself was alive. He ran quickly up the stairs. As he got to the top, he saw his wife and daughter - or at least what was left of them. There wasn't much left. Tina was almost completely eaten away. The inside of her ribcage was almost completely visible in some places. Suzi was almost as bad, except the rodents had only begun to eat away, the top of her ribs was visible.

Victor realized what he had to do. He ran out of the house as fast as he could. He ran across the lawn into the shed. He opened the door and grabbed five gallons of gas. He felt so weak, he could barely get the gas to the front stairs. When he got to the door he attempted to open it, but to no avail. The house had locked itself. He ran back to the shed and grabbed a hatchet. He suddenly felt his strength return to him. He sprinted up the front sidewalk and when he got to the door, he brought the hatchet down on the door at least a dozen times. Once again the scream was audible, only this time it was worse, as if the house knew it was about to be destroyed.

(continued)

Later on, near 11:00, after the doctor had come and told Marc to stay in bed and rest, Suzi was in his bedroom when the phone rang beside her.

"Hello?" she answered, "Y..Yes it is. Who is this?"

"Who is it?" whispered Marc.

"It's the school."

"Oh"

"What, you want us to come over to see the school now?"

"Well my son..." she paused and looked at Marc.

"O.K.," she said to the phone, "we'll be over in about a half hour."

As it turned out, Tina went with them to see the school since she would be going there also. By then Marc had made up his mind that the man he saw was a hallucination. He looked at his watch, it read 11:58. He began to wonder about Todd, the family concluded that he had gone off to play and make new friends and probably would be back soon. Then Marc heard it - a creaking noise that must have been someone coming up the stairs. He began to feel scared - more scared than he had ever been. The noise got steadily louder. Marc knew that the man he saw was real - this now had proved it. At the same moment the man appeared in his bedroom doorway, Marc could feel his heart in his throat. He could move from shack. He faintly heard the old clock downstairs strike twelve. He didn't even make a sound as the axe came down time and time again on his body, he only seemed to feel the final hack as it landed between his eyes.

It was now noon - the hour of the horse.

#### Chapter 4 - Wave Good-bye to Tina and Suzi

"Marc!" shouted Suzi, "Marc?"

"He's probably asleep Suzi. You better not wake him," said Vic.

"But I want to tell him about the school."

"I'll go get him, Mom," said Tina.

Tina then proceeded up the staircase. When she got to Marc's room and saw what she saw, she fainted.

"What's taking her so long?" said Suzi puzzled, ten minutes after Tina had fainted.

"I'll go up and get him myself," said Vic.

Even when Vic reached the room he could barely keep his consciousness. On Marc's pillow, there was Marc's decapitated, chopped up head. As a matter of fact, he wasn't even sure it was Marc except for the color of hair and eyes.

"Oh...oh...God!" shouted Vic.

Tina lay in the doorway. He began to slap her face and didn't stop until she awoke. By then she had huge red splotches on her face. She began to scream. Suzi almost immediately appeared in the doorway.

"What happened?" she asked. Then she saw Marc's head and began to scream along with Tina.

"Shut up, both of you!" he shouted over their voices.

(continued)

Victor ran up to the second level splashing gas in every room, but he was careful not to go into the rooms, for it may have locked him in. As he splashed it down the hall, he suddenly felt proud. When he got to the staircase, he fished his matches from his shirt pocket, lit one and threw it on the gas. Flames were instantly everywhere. He went downstairs and did the same thing in the kitchen. As he was splashing gas in the living room, he splashed some on his shirt. He didn't pay much attention to it.

Then he lit the match - that was a mistake. His shirt was immediately engulfed in flames which started a chain reaction on his hair. He was running around the room blindly, the pain unbearable. He fell down in the middle of a puddle of gas which also burst into flames when he fell in it.

As he died he could have sworn he heard the clock ring twelve times.

Jason Lang, '88



Jay Volrath, '85

GRAPE

Red, Green  
Juicy, Fresh, Aged, Dried  
Black, Blue  
Raisin.

Royce Bare, '87



FOOTBALL

Rough, tough  
Running, kicking, throwing  
Helmets and bodies collide  
Football

Scott Drummond, '87



WATER

Cold, clean  
Running, falling, splashing  
It divides the world  
Water

Scott Drummond, '87



### A STAR I

The night was dark and in the gym  
A crowd of ten thousand had come to watch him.  
His sport was basketball, his name didn't matter.  
All the crowd wanted to see, was a backboard shatter.  
He was on the court now, so out came a reao.  
They knew he'd get the ball, they knew he'd score.  
He took the tipoff, and he slammed it real hard,  
Just like he'd done before in his backyard.  
The crowd screamed as loud as they could.  
They gave himis credit, like they should.  
But then he fell down on the court and shook,  
All of this due to the drugs he took.  
And He muttered these words as he drifted afar,  
"This is just the sad song of a great rising star."

Dan Hyer, '87

### A STAR II

It was a stormy night and in the crowd,  
Those who once screamed now wept aloud.  
They mourned for him and many prayed,  
And many starred at where he once played.  
They carried him out of the gym and into the night,  
As his parents followed him, eyes full of fright.  
Many thought they knew him, but very few did;  
Nor did they know he had a wife and a kid.  
They didn't know he hated school with a passion.  
All they knew and liked was his backboard smashin'.  
"We love you kid," the crowd wanted to shout,  
But twas too late, for that star had burned out.

Dan Hyer, '87



SILENCE

His face was worn and battered,  
his eyes wrinkled in a silent pain.

The clothes he wore were crisp and clean;  
they had an almost new look to them.

As he lay there quietly, so quiet,  
I could see the joy that once lined his face  
    in smiles and the tears that once wrinkled  
his face in sadness and frowns.

His hands were lean and tough looking,  
as if he could lift anything in his power.

As I finally looked away from him at the  
other members in the room, I could see them  
    gathering around this man in the coffin  
to say goodbye one last time.

Goodbye.

Jackie Ferring, '87

HAPPINESS IS.....

When you hug a puppy.  
Knowing you've gone far in a short  
    time.

The proud feeling of accomplishment.  
    Having good friends to share  
your time with.

Happiness is that warm feeling  
inside when everything is just right!

Anita DeCock, '88

M agical  
U nending  
S howtime  
I magination  
C oncerts

Kara Brown, '87

DARKNESS

Mysterious, Spooky  
Frightening, Depressing, Deceiving  
Cave, Night Time, Blackout, Lightlessness  
Brightening, Illuminating, Comforting  
Shiny, Bright  
Light

Bryce Amhof, '87

D epressing  
A lone  
R egression  
K nowledgeless  
N othingness  
E xecutioner  
S pooky  
S uperstition

Bryce Amhof, '87

S tudents  
C hildren  
H elping  
O rganized  
O ngoing  
L earning

Brian Garrels, '88

MY TIME

I'm gonna die.  
I pleaded with God and asked him why?  
I told him I'd try harder,  
If He'd let my life go farther.  
He only said it's time.  
I told Him I was young and fine.  
Again I began,  
I'm a fine man.  
Why should I leave now,  
I've done the best I know how.  
All my Lord said was it's time.  
I did not know what he meant by time.  
I thought to myself, what did I do?  
Then it hit me from out of the blue.  
My Lord made a spot for me up there,  
Where I can live to watch over my heirs.  
Then I said, "I'm ready, I'm fine,  
Cause Lord now I know it's my time."

Anita DeCock, '88



CITIES

---

Busy, Hectic  
Shouting, Working, Playing  
Skyscrapers, Traffic, People, Animals  
Laughing, Talking, Whispering  
Lazy, Quiet  
Towns

Kara Brown, '87

I once was a lake,  
rippled by the wind.  
But now I am a river,  
roaring around the bend.

Jackie Ferring, '87

## THE FIND

It was the winter of 1978. My sisters, Shellie, Melissa, and I were out for a walk. It was a nice day with a white blanket of snow covering the town.

"Look at that black object moving toward us," Shellie said with curiosity in her voice.

Melissa said, "I wonder what it is. Do you think it's alive?"

"It must be. There is no wind to blow anything today," I said.

We heard a small whimpering so we took off running up the street towards the noise.

"It's a puppy!" shouted Shellie.

"Let's bring it home. It must be cold and hungry," Melissa suggested.

After I thought a second I answered, "We can't bring it home. Mom and dad won't let us keep it."

We could see our house from where we were. I noticed the garage door was open.

"How about we keep it in the garage until we figure something better out," I suggested.

We walked into the garage with the puppy at our feet. There was one brown car and an old refrigerator that was propped open in the garage. We then shut the garage door.

"What should we feed it?" I asked.

"I'll sneak inside and try to find something. You keep him quiet so mom doesn't hear him," said Shellie.

Melissa, the puppy, and I waited about three minutes before Shellie came back. In her hand was a bowl of water and a bowl of corn curls.

"Corn curls!" I yelled. "Not for a puppy."

Shellie answered, "It's the only thing I could find."

We set the snack down. The dog loved it. He ate it like it was his first meal in a year.

It was time to go wash up for our own dinner. Dad would be home from work soon. Since the refrigerator had been there, dad had left his car in the driveway so we left the dog there in the garage and went inside.

"I hear dad's car," Shellie said.

A horrifying sound struck us. The garage door was being opened. We ran outside and our dog was gone. He shot down the driveway like a bullet.

Dad asked, "What was that?"

"I don't know, dad. Something must have been stuck in our garage. Probably a dog or a cat," I said.

We picked the bowls up and figured that's what our dog wanted.

Melanie Mathias, '87

TO TRY IS TO DIE

The day was long and the work grueling.  
When he returned, the sky was cooling.  
The sun had set an hour ago.  
Pay for his work, he'd none to show.  
He's a white man's slave bound in chain,  
Working hard for his master's gain.  
There's no escape, yet he has to try.  
In his efforts he is sure to die.

Terri Weatherwax, '87

COUNTRY

Beautiful, Fresh  
Rolling, Booming, Producing  
Farmers, Buyers, Sellers, Business  
Disappearing, Losing, Dissolving  
Grey, Flat  
City

Devin Warner, '87



LOOK FOR THE FUTURE

Look for the future  
Don't dwell in the past  
Make today happen!  
And yesterday last

Laurie Cawiezell, '87

IN THE NIGHT



In the night  
When the city has itself to itself,  
The streetlight flashes  
Its monotonous rate of hues  
For ghosts.  
And the wind has to touch everything.  
The street is alive with nothing.  
It glows with neon red.  
No one could see her in the alley  
Until the threat of day arrived.  
By then it was too late  
Sweet, sweet little Jeanie.....

Brian Holtz, '87

BEFORE THE STORM

The moonless evening darkness  
Closes around my watching eyes  
As nature unfolds her wrath into  
The crushed velvet sky.  
And luminescent fingers claw, ever alive  
At the canopy of unwavering blackness above.  
I feel the sticky air clinging to me, lingering  
Then slipping slowly away on a lukewarm breeze  
With an uncharacteristic reluctance  
Leaving a faint trace of moisture,  
Maybe her sweat, maybe her tears.  
Then, without warning, the sky explodes  
With a hot, resounding crash  
And magnificent quicksilver streaks  
Mar the warm, dark perfection  
And split the night like the crack of a whip.  
A day-like brightness flashes.  
I am not afraid of the thunder's ominous rumble  
Nor the rustle of the wind in the trees.  
I taste and smell the oncoming storm  
Apprehensively waiting in the late night shadows.  
And the night is alive  
With the promise of rain.

Angela Pierce, '88

Racing to the finish  
Under pressure  
Nike shoes  
Natural  
In shape  
Nerve racking  
Giving 100 percent

Tiffin Long, '87

Majestically the baby grand holds your attention.  
She looks lonely there in the pool of luminescence.  
The ivory and ebony keys are silent  
Until...until the fingers touch them.  
Timid at first  
Seemingly afraid  
Then fear gives way to excitement.  
Frenzied...then subdued.  
Suddenly all is quiet.  
And loneliness once again overcomes.

Susan Abbas



OLD PAPPY

He just sits in his old rocking chair  
in front of the window listening to the radio  
in the kitchen at the table,  
mashing his bread in his eggs.

Sometimes during the summer  
he sits out on the front porch  
in an old wooden swing,  
watching the traffic go slowly by.

Or he plants himself in the rocking chair  
with his favorite old white hat  
and his shaggy brown sweater  
smoking Camels without filters.

Kirk Andrews, '87



Tom Kuhl, '85



Christi Bortleson, '87

### WHAT DID I DO WRONG?

You said you didn't want to get hurt, you thought I would hurt  
you, but then you hurt me. I have feelings too!  
You said you didn't want to be too involved. Why didn't you  
tell me you didn't want to be involved at all, it hurt.  
Now I walk by you and you look down and away. What did I do  
wrong except - like you.  
Someone special, I thought, someone who felt like me, for me -  
Maybe I was wrong.  
Someone with feelings, who could care, my mistake, sorry.  
You said you didn't want anyone right now, you needed time,  
you took your time, you wanted someone, but it wasn't me.  
Then I think I need revenge. But I couldn't do that because  
you are too special to me, I guess you'll always be.  
I don't know what I did wrong except - like you.

Dawn Oswald, '86

I wish I was a camera  
I wish I was a disk camera  
I wish I was a disk camera  
So I could get ya with me

Kathy Corbin, '87

### BEST FRIENDS

Shari Griffin is my best pal.  
She's a short and stocky gal.  
We like to talk about boys,  
One of our biggest joys.  
I hope Shari and I will be best friends  
Until my happy and finished life ends.

Angie Abel, '87

WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER

Just a single tear  
Falls from my face  
As I think of us  
In our last embrace.

It's been a long time  
But seems like yesterday  
You looked at me so sadly  
Then turned and walked away.

The way you treated me,  
The way you made me feel,  
It's all so different now,  
It all seems so unreal.

There's nothing between us now  
What we had is gone forever.  
But I'll never forget the times  
Of when we were together.

Cathleen Collins, '88

"DREAMS ARE YOU"

Dreams are you,  
When you are alone,  
When you are asleep.  
Dreams are you,  
Your deepest of thoughts.  
You are sometimes caught in  
A world of dreams.  
Dreams are you,  
When you think of someone near,  
Or someone very dear.  
When you are sad or blue,  
Dreams are you.

Holly White, '88

## THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

Blueberry muffins are such a simple down home all-American food it's hard to think of them as something that would challenge a youth of today. With all sincerity I love blueberry muffins. The thought of them served fresh and warm, dabbed with butter leaves my mouth watering. When it comes right down to it, food should just be food but for some reason when certain urges tempt your tastebuds you just can't be satisfied with anything else.

Last night as I lie on the couch taking nap, I had a vision. In the vision I saw mounds of piping hot muffins. They were bulging with blueberries and dripping with butter. Reaching out in front of me I grabbed at them with both hands. I began stuffing them in my mouth and chewing, then stuffing, then chewing, then stuffing more and chewing more until I was blue in the face.

I couldn't take this mental anguish just lying down. I had to have blueberry muffins. Rolling off the couch I scurried to the kitchen. After finding the blueberry muffin mix I got out the milk and eggs needed to complete the recipe. My troubles began while looking for the little paper cupcake holders to put in the cupcake pan. I looked here and there and everywhere but the little creatures were nowhere to be found. So I started toward the living room to get some shoes to get to the car to get to the store to get some cupcake holders. I stopped short as I felt a sharp prick on the bottom of my foot. Lifting my heel I could see a sliver of something sticking me like a shishkabob. I hopped to the bathroom and located a pair of tweezers. As I turned and began to hop out, I miscalculated and met head on with the trimming on the doorway. I bent over and grabbed my forehead. It didn't help any but it seemed like the thing to do and this way I could feel the lump forming on my head. Then I continued my hop to the living room and sat down. By now a good stream of blood flowed from my foot. I carefully pulled out a quarter inch piece of glass, shaped something like an arrowhead. Even to this day I'm amazed at that little piece of glass. To enter my foot the way it did, it had to lie vertically on the floor in an upright position that defied several laws of physics. It sat in hiding and waited for who knows how long to pierce my skin. (I now believe Murphy's law can and will overrule most laws of physics, including Newton's theories on gravity.)

I put on my shoes and walked out the door. As I walked, I remembered the reason I took off my shoes in the first place was because of the fact they had worn blisters on my feet. Upon reaching the car my walk resembled some painful form of breakdancing. My head and foot throbbed as I drove to the store.

After hobbling up and down the aisles for a few hours, I found the paper holders and made my way to the checkout line to buy them. I began to wonder if the Hostess Bakerman ever had these problems.

(continued)

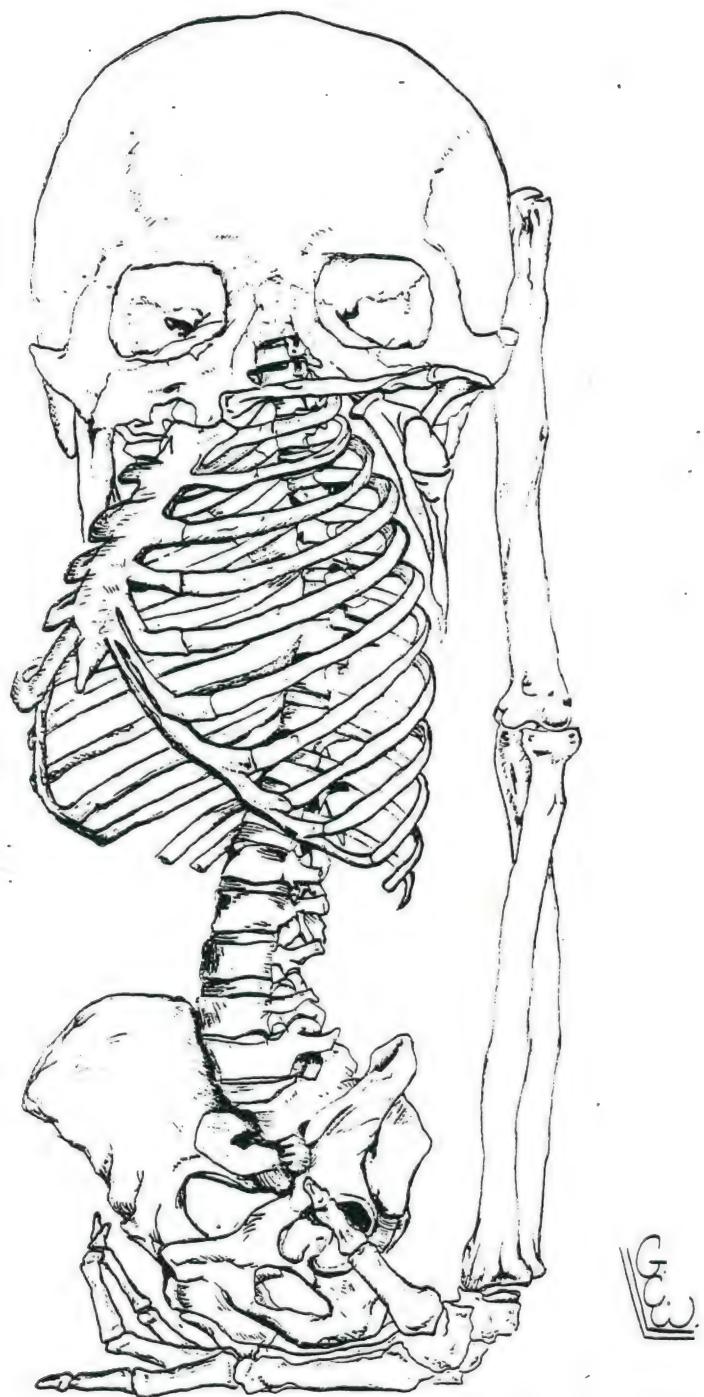
Returning home I began to see victory within my grasp. I went to work and quickly had the muffins in the oven. Keeping in mind Murphy's Law, I set the timer for five minutes less than the directions said. To my delight when the timer rang, the muffins came out a perfect golden brown. I poured myself a glass of milk and took out the butter. Breaking open a few of the muffins I caught a strong odor of blueberries. I smiled. Even though there wasn't much happiness in my pursuit, it didn't stop me from pursuing my happiness.

Jeff Schatz, '85

TILL DEATH WHEN YOU PART

Share with me  
The scent of cautiousness  
As it is wafting by  
Like a flickering shadow  
The cold and violent metal  
Grows damp beneath a perspiring palm  
There is a faintly acrid stench  
Of something darker than smoke  
But you can't place quite what  
A tremor crawled up his arm  
A muscle twinge  
That you saw  
Screamed  
When that bolt of directed lightning  
Blazed forward  
And jumped to your chest  
A gasp.....  
Your last fleeting breath  
The world goes black  
While the thunder rolls around you

Angela Pierce, '88



Greg Whitesides, '85

### THE FIRST TIME

The first time I saw her she was with a friend of mine  
But from that moment she was on my mind.  
The first time we talked the voice I heard  
Was so sweet I followed every word.  
The first time we met my dreams came true  
She was so pretty yet sensitive too.  
The first time we kissed it was so sweet  
It was much better than any candy treat.  
The first time I touched her something snapped  
I overcame my shyness and fear of being slapped.  
The first time we stayed together over night  
Nothing happened but it was out of sight.  
The last time I saw her it was a very sad day  
I never thought we would end up that way.

Billy Porter, '87



### FRIENDSHIP FOREVER

Friendship Forever;  
Sometimes sad and confusing,  
Others joyful and fun.  
It's difficult to determine  
the way you feel.  
Is it Love or is it Friendship  
Forever?  
Friendship Forever;  
A dream or reality  
For when the perfect guy comes along,  
and steals your heart,  
All you think of is, is he really  
mine, and if so, is it Love or is it  
Friendship Forever?  
Friendship Forever;  
It caused a broken heart.  
Could this feeling ruin a once-in-a  
lifetime friendship?  
What we had was special, but it's better  
to end in Friendship Forever.

Melissa Rindler, '87

## BEING FRIENDLY HELPS

Tina Washington is a young girl, age 10, who is very lonely. She is the youngest of five children, her closest sibling is 17 years old. Tina is a pretty girl. She has long blond curls and bright blue eyes, but she is very distraught.

Tina is often alone. Both her parents work and her sister is always off with friends. Unlike most young children, Tina doesn't have any neighborhood friends. In fact, she doesn't have any friends at all. Maybe this is because of her attitude and her personality. She doesn't get along with anybody and she is very bratty, although, like all people, she has feelings.

One day at school recess a teacher, Mrs. Day, saw Tina sitting by herself crying. "Tina," she said, "why are you crying?"

Tina hadn't seen Mrs. Day approaching her, and she jumped at the sound of her voice. "No one likes me Mrs. Day," whimpered Tina. "What's wrong with me?"

Mrs. Day knew very well that no one liked Tina because she was unfriendly and mean. Being sympathetic she said, "What makes you think no one likes you? Have you tried to be someone's friend?"

Tina sat for a moment thinking, "No, I guess I've always been mean to people. Is that why nobody likes me?"

"It is possible, Tina. You should try being nice. You're nice to me and I like you."

After recess, when everyone was in class, Tina was unusually quiet. Turning to the girl next to her she said, "Amy, do you think I'm mean?"

Amy was kind of shy and quietly commented, "You have always been nice to me, I like you."

Hearing this enlightened Tina. Daringly she asked, "Amy, I don't have any friends, will you be my friend?"

"I'd like that," said Amy. "You know I live in your neighborhood."

"Oh, that's great!" cried Amy. "Maybe you could come to my house after school."

Tina had never been so happy. There was a noticeable change in her attitude. Tina's new friend, Amy, introduced her to more girls and boys and soon everyone liked her.

A few weeks later Mrs. Day saw Tina in the hall with a great big smile on her face.

"Tina," said Mrs. Day, "Does that smile mean you have some new friends?"

"Oh yes Mrs. Day!" Tina replied. "I took your advice about being nice and it worked. Now I have all kinds of friends. Thank you, Mrs. Day."

Now both Mrs. Day and Tina were happy. Mrs. Day had helped Tina to help herself and it had worked.

Marni Mast, '87

I begin this horrid hungry fable  
While Harold sits at the kitchen table.  
There was nothing for this boy to eat  
So he promptly began to try his feet.  
And though he found it hard to swallow  
His ankles then just naturally followed.  
At the consumption of his muscled skin  
It hit the spot and he simply grinned  
At the joy he found in his tasty thighs  
He ate himself up to his eyes.  
And there he lay a boy no more  
Just a stomach on the floor  
So when your hunger makes you pale  
Remember Harold's terrible tale.



Jeff Schatz, '85

Summer days summer nights  
here I lay in silent nights.  
Bright stars shinning like a light  
hoping that it will be alright.

Sun goes up, sun goes down  
so she puts on a frown.  
Then someone comes around  
and says to her not to frown.

She smiles at him like a light  
and he smiles just as bright.  
He calls her up every night  
while she lays in silent night.

Trish Lange, '86



Kim Schneckloth, '85

Jason and I have been dating for two years now, but lately he has been "different." Last weekend we went to a party. Since a lot of my friends were there, Jason and I didn't see each other most of the night. When I finally found Jason, he was drunk. He was sitting in the kitchen playing quarters with his friends.

"Jason, I think that we should leave," I said grabbing his hand. He pulled his hand out of mine and pushed me lightly.

"I'm having fun, leave me alone!" Jason snapped, trying to concentrate on getting the quarter into the glass of whiskey.

"I can't believe you're drunk. You've never done this to me before. Now let's go!" I said sharply, grabbing his hand.

"I said I'm not leaving!" Jason screamed, pushing me back hard. The last thing I remember is hearing a loud crash as my head hit the table. When I woke up Jason was kneeling next to me. I was still on the floor. Then I noticed Jason was crying. I had never seen Jason cry except when his mom died.

"How long have I been lying here?" I questioned weakly.

Jason looked up quickly as though I were dead. "About five minutes," Jason said weakly, his tears still falling on me. I realized that if I was only unconscious for five minutes, Jason was still drunk.

"I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you, really, I didn't. I swear that I'll never drink again just please be all right." Jason sobbed.

"I understand you didn't mean to hurt me. Help me up," I said extending my arm. When I stood, Jason hugged me hard and tight. It felt good and I knew that he cared for me.

Jason leaned over and whispered, "I never want to lose you, never."

We, my friends and I, got Jason sobered up, and, hand-in-hand, we walked home. I knew from that night on we would always be together.

Celeste Lorenz, '87



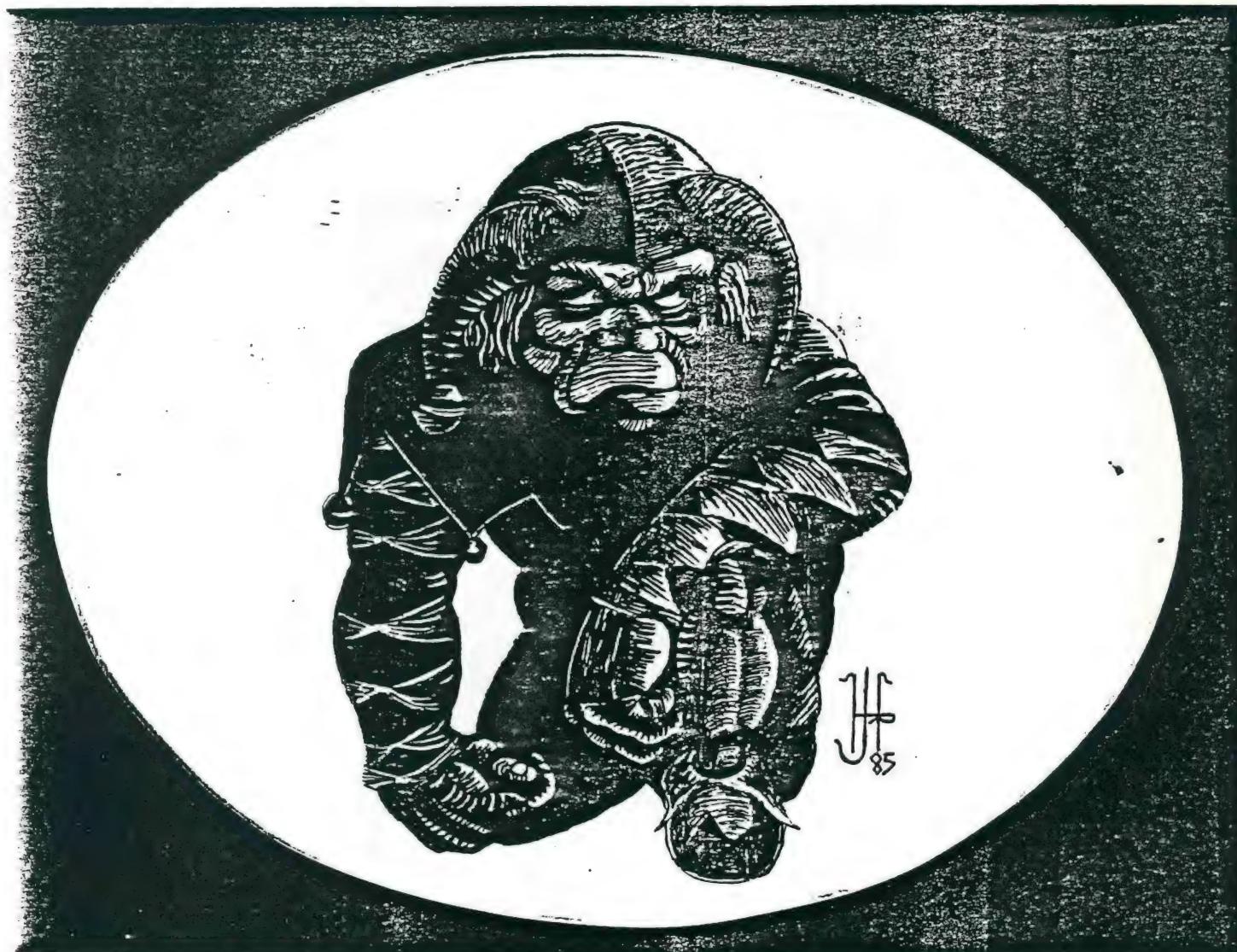
Of all the methods known to man  
I'm looking for just one way  
To still stay happy if I can  
And make it through a Monday

I wake up in the morning  
It seems I'm feeling fine  
But then without a warning  
Monday blows my mind

Some people now and then may say  
It's just because I'm lazy  
But if they told me that today  
I'd tell them they were crazy

I guess it should be understood  
That I've heard every myth  
Still the only time a Monday's good  
Is when it's over with

Kent Hall, '85



Jeff Huettman, '87

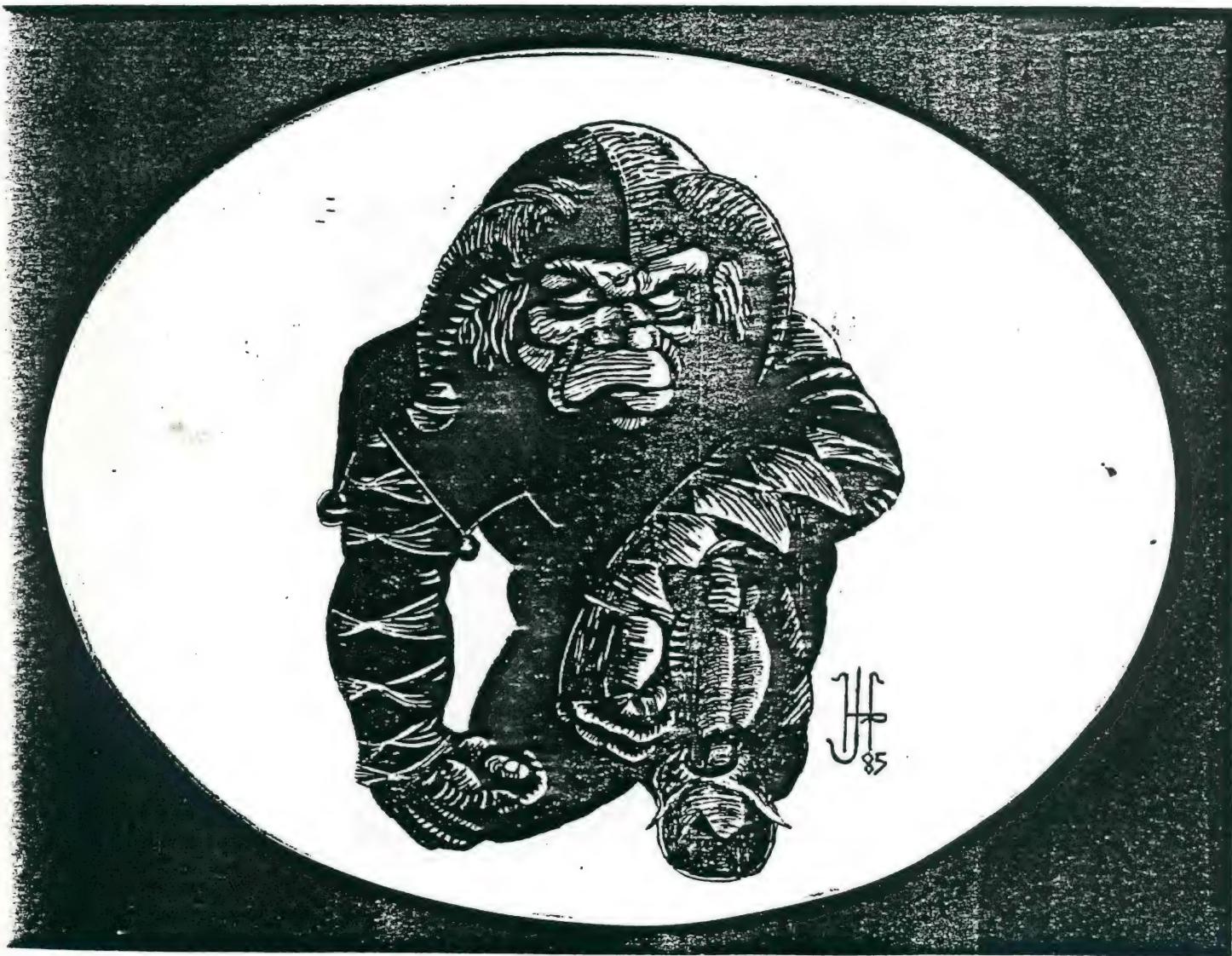
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Kent Hall, '85



Jeff Huettman, '87

BENJAMIN TAYLOR CLARK

My cousin Benji is so special to me  
Because he's mentally retarded you see.  
Out in public at him people do stare,  
But I love him so I don't really care.  
I take him to the park to play.  
For an hour we sometimes stay.  
With hair of brown and eyes of blue,  
I can tell ya Benji Clark, I love you.  
I wish he lived a lot closer to us  
So then I wouldn't have to take a bus.  
Doctors say he'll die in about three years.  
This is one of my biggest fears.  
I really do dread that bleak and lonely day  
When dear Benji will go to heaven to stay.

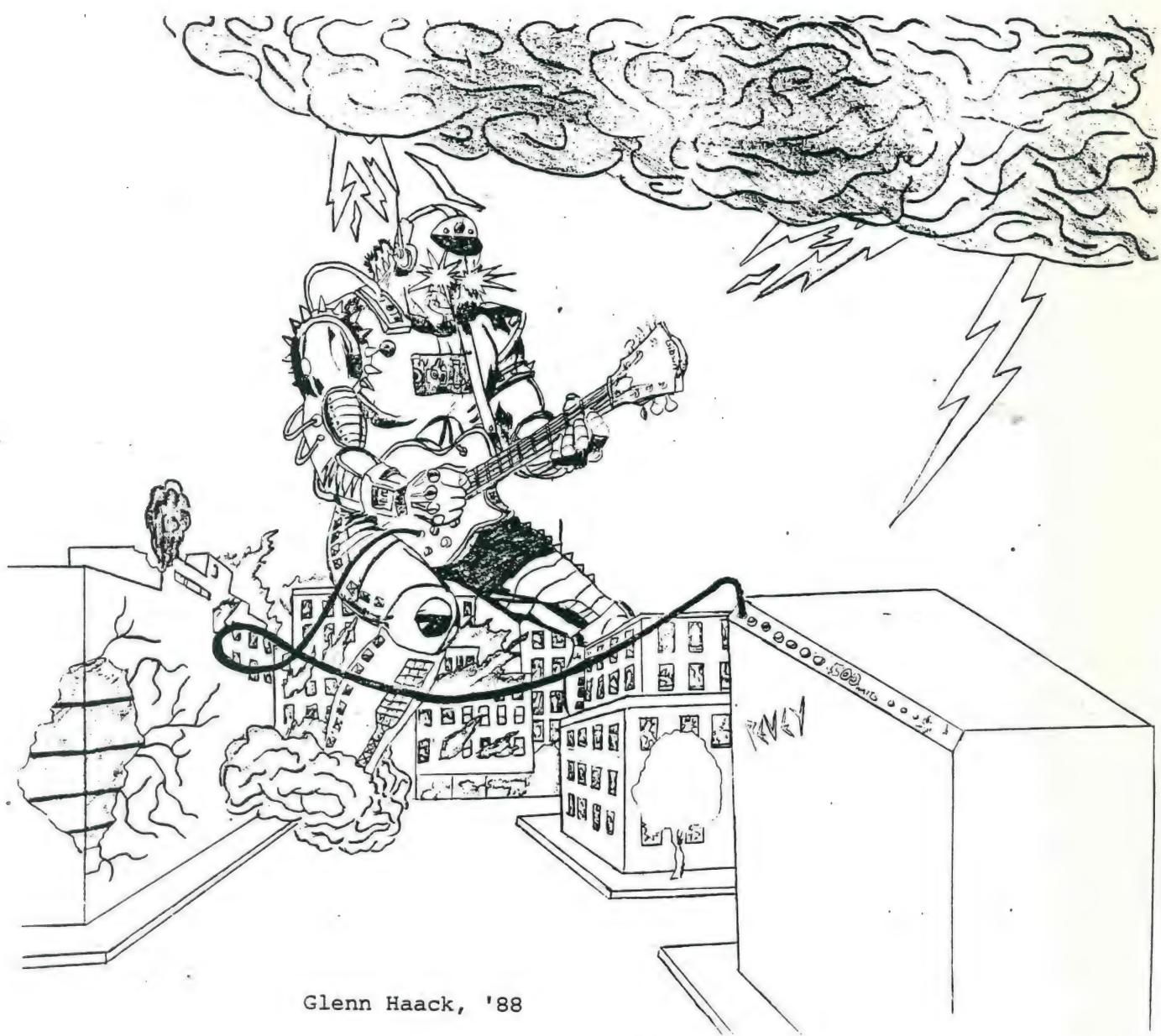
Angie Abel, '87

MY LOVE

You were there in those disasterous  
times and also those glorious times.  
My Love, you were there when I didn't  
want you, but you knew I needed you.  
My Love, you're the one for me and  
some day soon our love will be one,  
sharing it with the ones that are ours.  
You are My Love and forever I'll be yours.

Yvonne Costello, '86





Glenn Haack, '88



Lisa Scott, '88

THIS PEN

This is your pen, just  
wanted to say,  
I often get seasick  
when you start me away.  
You push me so hard,  
and squeeze me so tight,  
All of this just to get  
me to write.  
Then when I'm empty,  
all my ink has been used,  
you toss me aside,  
I'M SO ABUSED!!!

Jenny Cheek, '88

KNIGHTS AND DRAGONS

Being a knight isn't all  
It's cracked up to be.  
Kill a dragon here;  
Kill a dragon there.  
I swear---  
There aren't many of them  
Nowadays---  
Dragons  
I mean.

But it seems to me  
It's harder you see  
To kill a dragon  
By a mere magical sword.  
What you need is a spell---  
Or more likely part of hell  
Just to stop a dragon.

Lately there just aren't  
As many knights  
Seeing how the dragon  
Wins all those fights.  
But I suppose  
In the end  
You'll see the "Light"  
And understand.

Dan Meyer, '88

## PICTURES

In the album I am there  
wearing diapers and a grin.  
My dad's there too, when he was little,  
with his parents and his Aunt Hilda  
in her ugly dress (a real ugly dress).

Great Great Grampa is in one photo,  
his chin touching his knees.  
Someday I'll be in another photo,  
with someone else's Aunt Hilda in an ugly dress  
(a real ugly dress).

Kirk Andrews, '87

## MY NEW NEPHEW

Arron James is his name.  
He's my nephew, and that's plain.  
His eyes are blue, his hair is fair,  
He burps and grunts but I don't care.  
When he is grown and just the best,  
He'll have fun with Auntie Celeste.

Celeste Lorenz, '87



...drip "seven"...drip "eight"...drip "nine"...  
says I as each tear falls from my eyes.  
The salty drip falls slowly - down my eyelash,  
my cheek to my chin. There it stays until  
another takes its place.

Jenifer (R.)



## GOODBYE

Saying goodbye, it's so  
hard to do,  
Though we know we have  
to pull it through.

I don't quite remember  
the day we first met.  
But it is one I will  
never regret.

While you're away and  
haven't a care,  
Remember our smiles and  
laughs, our dreams  
and our tears.

It's "See ya later" and  
never "Goodbye."  
Goodbye is too permanent,  
that's why.

Once a month won't hardly  
compare  
To the everyday fun  
we used to share.

If I must, I must,  
though I don't want to.  
A girl's gotta do what  
a girl's gotta do.

Our friendship will  
never die.  
Not as long as there are  
stars in the sky.

Jana Lee, '87

## DRIVING

"Mom, they posted a signup sheet for Drivers Ed today. I'm going to sign up for it," I announced.

Mom only replied, "I'll have to think about it."

Thus began the battle.

The first step was the easy one. Then I was faced with the task of learning all the traffic laws of Iowa, and taking a test over them.

After completing the test and posing for a photo, I was given my permit. Next I had to convince my mother to let me drive the car. This was not easy.

"Mom, I passed the test, why can't I drive the car?"

"Let your school teach you how to drive a car, not me," was all she'd ever say.

In January we started the next semester at school, and with it I started Drivers Ed. What a shock it had been for the teacher to learn I'd never driven a car before.

Now began the semester of driving, quizzes, tests, films, and lectures. Everything was painstakingly hard. At midterm I learned I had a "D" in the class, and that if I worked a little harder I'd have a "C" in no time.

So I started to work harder, studying more for tests, reading the book - not just skimming, and obeying all traffic laws while driving. The latter was the hardest.

By my birthday in March I was getting a "C" in the class. My mom then said that if I could work my grade up to a "B", I'd have a car by summer as a belated birthday gift.

I then again started working harder and harder always with the thought of "my" car in mind.

At the end of the semester I had an "A minus" in Drivers Ed. Everyone, including me, was so dumbfounded that I'd actually raised my grade from a "D" to an "A minus". After I finally had my license in hand, I got "my" car.

Finally I'd done what I'd set out to do, and convinced my mother that I could practically do anything I set my mind to 'cause anything's possible.

Cathy Hoeppner, '87



Greg Whitesides, '85